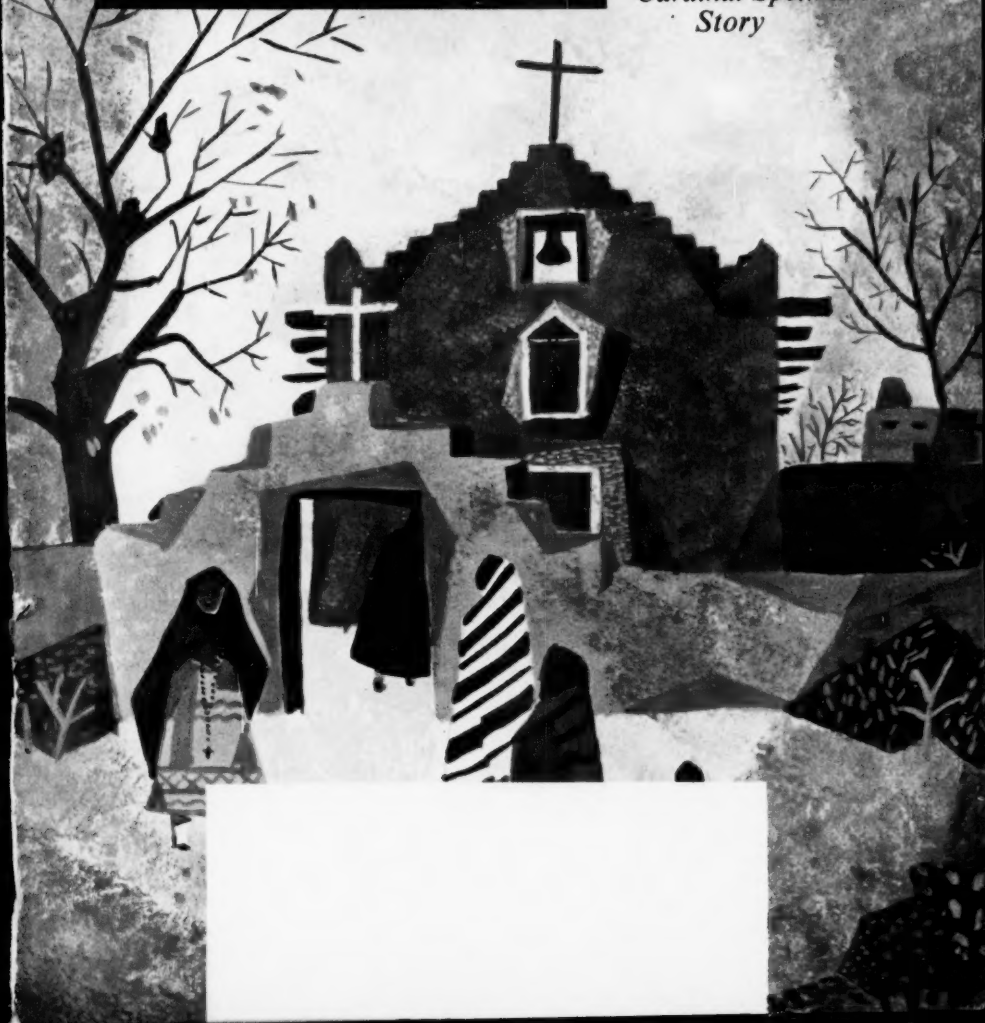


CATHOLIC DIGEST

SEPTEMBER, 1960 • 35c

THE ADULT MOVIES
GO HUNGRY, LIVE LONG

*Cardinal Spellman
Story*

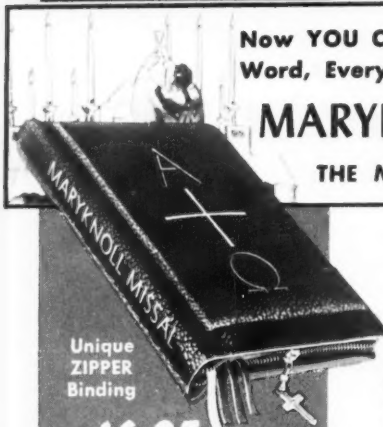


SPECIAL ZIPPER BINDING OFFER!

Now YOU Can Follow and Understand Every Word, Every Movement at Mass with the...

MARYKNOLL Daily MISSAL

THE MISSAL OF THE MYSTICAL BODY



Unique
ZIPPER
Binding

Only **\$6.95** If Delighted

Black simulated leather. Zipper tipped with Cross. Stamped in genuine Gold with amber stained edges. Round corners. Four Nylon ribbons. 95 illustrations. Attractively boxed.

Imprimatur: ✕
RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING
Archbishop of Boston
Edited by the Maryknoll Fathers

44 Outstanding Benefits

• Dialogue Mass Features • **LARGE Type** • Ordinary in **LARGER Type** • Explanation of **ALL Masses** • Fewest-ever Page Turns • Frequently Used Text Repeated in Front • Morning and Evening Prayers • All Masses of the Dead • Lives of the Saints • Stations of the Cross • Rosary Mysteries • All Votive Masses • All the Sacraments and Their Rites • **PLUS, MANY, MANY OTHER FEATURES!**

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York 8, N. Y.

Yes, I want to use the MARYKNOLL Daily MISSAL at Mass. Enclosed is my \$1.00 deposit. Send me a two week EXAMINATION COPY C.O.D. I'll pay the balance of \$5.95, plus postage and handling to the postman. After two weeks I'm free to keep the missal or return it without obligation. You'll refund my money immediately. FREE gift is mine to keep regardless.

☐ Check here if you want the deluxe, leather binding (without zipper) **\$12.50**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

SAVE! By including full payment of \$6.95 or \$12.50 you save postage and handling. Same return privilege with full refund guaranteed.

Only \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D. brings you an **EXAMINATION COPY for TWO WEEKS** with full refund guaranteed!

Once you use the new MARYKNOLL Daily MISSAL you'll never be without it. A whole new world of meaning and understanding of the Mass opens up when you use this sensible and easy-to-follow missal.

PERFECT FOR BEGINNERS AND EXPERIENCED MISSAL USERS!

You'll discover a more vivid, more enlightened and richer understanding of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with the MARYKNOLL Daily MISSAL. You'll take part in the Mass more fully, more completely (with the fewest page-turns imaginable!) ... even if you have never before used a missal!

If you are a regular missal-user, your heart will be gladdened at the way the MARYKNOLL Daily MISSAL: ... translates into clear, simple language the majestic words of the Mass ... includes all the extensive changes in the Liturgy ... follows the Confraternity Version word-for-word ... gives Latin and English in the Ordinary ... offers you more new and much-needed features than any other missal published.

FREE GIFT!

14-K Gold Miraculous Medal

This beautiful 14-K solid Gold Miraculous Medal for watch, key or chain is yours FREE when you send full payment of \$6.95 or \$12.50 with this coupon. If you send the \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D. the same medal in Sterling Silver is yours to keep. Either way - refund is guaranteed if you are not delighted with the missal.



Medal enlarged 2 times actual size

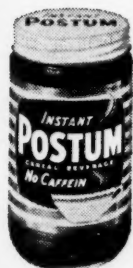
© 1960 P. J. KENNEDY & SONS
Printers to the Holy Apostolic See

“Because I was snapping at everyone,
my doctor started me on Postum!”

“Everybody gets riled now and then. But when you don’t feel right, or sleep well, *everything* gets on your nerves. When that happened to me, I went to the doctor.

“He said my symptoms were pretty common . . . thought they might be due to too much coffee; some people can’t always take all the caffeine in coffee. He suggested Postum. It’s caffeine-free . . . can’t aggravate your nervous system or keep you awake.

“I followed his advice, and started feeling, sleeping and acting better. Why don’t you give Postum a good try—for 30 days, in fact. You’ll like it!”



Postum is 100% coffee-free

Another fine product of General Foods

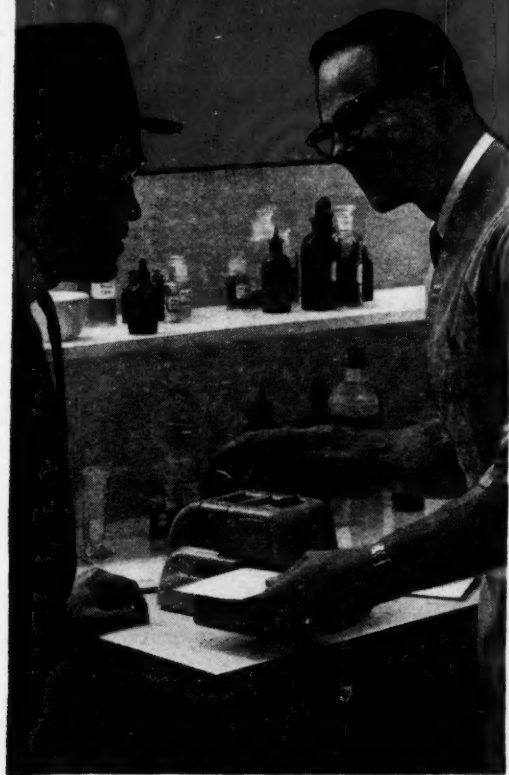


Pope John's Own Saint.....	Francis X. Murphy, C.S.S.R.	12
<i>Gregory Barbarigo was a bishop of Bergamo and an apostle of Church unity</i>		
Go Hungry to Stay Young.....	"Man Against Aging"	17
<i>A little judicious fasting may be the best way to prolong your life</i>		
Priest of the Good Thieves.....	Family Weekly	22
<i>Father Clark took the name Dismas in honor of his flock</i>		
Santa Fe: City of the Holy Faith.....	Chris Rollman	26
<i>Our oldest capital city celebrates her 350th birthday</i>		
The Americans and the Natives.....	"The Overseas Americans"	33
<i>Our citizens abroad often suffer from "culture shock"</i>		
Don't Be Bored!	John E. Gibson	40
<i>Watch out for that public enemy that takes the joy out of life</i>		
You and God's Poor.....	America	43
<i>Check your attitude before performing the corporal works of mercy</i>		
Letters From Red China.....	New Leader	46
<i>Writing relatives overseas, Chinese tell the story of a tragic famine</i>		
Public-Health Experts Fight New Foes	U. S. News and World Report	53
<i>Modern technology is upsetting the balance of nature</i>		
The Cardinal and the City (II).....	Fortune	56
<i>"A runner in an endless relay race"</i>		
The Adult Movies	Jubilee	66
<i>Hollywood doesn't have enough adults to go around</i>		
Coming of the 'Great Prayer'	Robert C. Broderick	69
<i>The Flatheads made four great journeys in search of a man to bring them the Mass</i>		
First Day of School!	Sister Catharine Virginia, S.N.D. de N.	73
<i>Suggestions for parents of 1st graders</i>		
Mayor Morrison of New Orleans.....	Stanley Meisler	79
<i>His own reforms will take his job away in 1962</i>		
Desert Ark.....	Picture Story	84
<i>This zoo goes on tour</i>		
A Kid Called Joe.....	Musart	88
<i>A heart-tugging tale from the Pittsburgh slums</i>		

(Continued on page 4)

I thought a
postage meter
ran into
real money?

No, about the cost
of a pack of
cigarettes a day!



30¢ a day pays for a postage meter

Is it worth 30¢ a day to get rid of those old-fashioned adhesive stamps that stick together, get lost, run out when you need them? Plus messy stamp sticking, and keeping a locked up stamp box?

Is it worth 30¢ a day always to have the right stamp, and enough postage? A meter will print your postage as you need it for any kind of mail—directly on the envelope, or on gummed tape for parcel post. Print your own small ad, too, if you want one; seal and stamp envelopes. Mailing is easy, fast, efficient. And anybody can use a meter.

You buy postage, as much or as little as you like, by having the postoffice set the meter for the amount. Your postage is protected from damage, loss, misuse; and automatically accounted for on visible registers. And metered mail needs less handling in the postoffice, can often get on its way earlier.

The DM, desk model meter, is made for the small mailer, like this druggist. Users like the DM for its convenience. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration. Or send for free illustrated booklet.

FREE: Handy desk or wall chart of new postal rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.



Pitney-Bowes POSTAGE METER

Made by the leading manufacturer of
mailing machines...139 branch offices.



PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
8188 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.
Send free ☐ booklet ☐ postal rate chart to:
Name _____
Address _____

(Continued from page 2)

The Hard-to-Visit Holy Land.....	Daniel M. Madden	92
<i>A pilgrim in Palestine walks one way—along the barbed wire</i>		
You'll Never Walk Alone.....	Columbia	95
<i>Because everyone insists on giving you a ride</i>		
The Baptism of Buffalo Bill.....	William E. Barrett	97
<i>On his deathbed, he called for his friend Father Walsh</i>		
Lyompa: The Death of Ponomarev.....		
<i>"The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars"</i>		105
<i>Little by little, things fall away</i>		
Vanquishing the Viruses.....	"Medicine Today"	110
<i>Polio is down if not out, and the common cold may follow suit</i>		
Named for Nazareth.....	Minneapolis Star	115
<i>An inside glimpse of a minor seminary</i>		
Never Trust a Shark.....	Sports Illustrated	118
<i>This mindless killer is no blunderer and no coward</i>		
What Would You Like to Know About the Church?....	J. D. Conway	122
<i>Why isn't the word "Catholicism" mentioned in the Bible?</i>		

People Are Like That 32—Hearts Are Trumps 39—Flights of Fancy 42—In Our House 45—The Open Door 78—New Words for You 109—The Perfect Assist 117—In Our Parish 128

Entertainment 5

Catholic Digest Book Club Selection 10

Cover painting by Robert C. Cary

Send Subscriptions to this address:
2950 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.
(Rates on page 2)

President..... Louis A. Gales
Editor..... Kenneth Ryan
Assistant Editors..... Edward A. Harrigan,
Henry Loxau, Maurice Murray, Joseph B. Connors,
Kern Pederson.
Assistant Vice Pres..... Walter J. Beggin
Publisher..... Paul Bussard

44 E. 53d Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Exec. Vice Pres..... Msgr. Patrick J. Ryan
Vice President..... Robert C. Morrow
Executive Editor..... John McCarthy
Book Editor..... Francis B. Thornton
Assistant Editor..... Ray Sullivan
Advertising Representatives..... McLanahan
& Co., 295 Madison Ave., New York City 17;
Raymond J. Ryan & Co., 35 E. Wacker Drive,
Chicago 1, Ill.; John R. Kimball & Co., 420 Market
St., San Francisco 11, Calif.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 2 Wellington Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin, Ireland.

BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest, Doelveldestraat 31, Edgem—Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizion, Rokin 60, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi del Catholic Digest, Via S. Antonio 5, Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herstallstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digest Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.

Foreign subscriptions at \$4 a year should be sent to addresses given, not to St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

By Kay Sullivan

The Alamo Refought

New screen version of famous Texas siege begins with prayer for success.

It is not often that a major motion-picture production is officially launched with a prayer.

When John Wayne's Batjac Productions began filming **The Alamo** on the plains outside of Brackettville, Texas, everything was held up until God's blessing was asked for the successful completion of the undertaking.

The 321 members of the cast and crew assembled reverently in the courtyard of an amazingly authentic reproduction of the famous fort to hear Father Peter Rogers, O.M.I., of San Antonio's St. Mary's church repeat the

special prayer he had written for the occasion:

"O, Almighty God, centuries ago Thou raised a magnificent mission—a harbor for all, of peace and freedom. This was the Alamo. Today, we ask thy help and thy protection as once again history is relived in this production. During the weeks and months that follow, keep safe, we beseech Thee, all engaged in the film. Bless it with good weather and superlative effort on the part of all. We ask these things so that the film **The Alamo** will not only be outstanding but will also

John Wayne and members of Alamo company join Father Rogers in prayer.



discover in

MEXICO

a NEW WORLD
of thrills...!

Admire the architecture
and splendor of Mexico's
Colonial churches...
its pre-Hispanic
temples... the wide range
of attractions and climates
offered by the land
of friendly courtesy.



MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT
Paseo de la Reforma 36, Mexico City

50-3-336

Please send me FREE descriptive material on Mexico.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Country _____



John Wayne's daughter Aissa makes film debut in "The Alamo" with Joan O'Brien.

be a tribute to the spirit of the men who built it, lived in it, died in it. . . ."

Audiences will have the opportunity this fall to see the "superlative efforts" of **The Alamo's** giant cast, including Wayne as Col. David Crockett, Richard Widmark as frontiersman James Bowie, Laurence Harvey as garrison head Col. William Travis, and Richard Boone as Sam Houston. They will also be seeing one of the most spectacular and expensive pictures ever made in this country. Production costs topped \$12,400,000, and included such in-depth research as travel to Spain to unearth the original building plans.

Other films and TV shows have touched on the famous Texas stand for independence, but producer-director Wayne felt the moment was ripe for a major film on the subject.

"I wanted to make a picture with a message of courage and hope for any age, including the atomic one," he says.

BOOKS

The saying about good things in small packages comes to mind with the arrival of a trio of books all offering the reader rewards far in excess of their pocket size. A **Book of Private Prayer** by Dom Hubert van Zeller (Templegate Publishers, Springfield, Ill., \$3.25) is a remarkably different kind of prayerbook. Not trite, not sentimental, but filled with original, provocative prayers on a variety of subjects including such unexpected ones as self-pity, touchiness, moral courage, and money.

Converts will welcome the compact **Handbook for New Catholics** by Aloysius J. Burggraff, C.S.P. (Paulist Press, New York City, \$1.25). Designed to help make converts quickly at home in the Church, it is a kind of religious etiquette book, discusses such subjects as fast days, medals, stipends, writing to the clergy.

There's a treasury of inspiration, particularly for young women, in **The Loveliest Flower** by Doris Burton (Academy Guild Press, Fresno, Calif., \$2.95). The author dramatically recounts the life stories of ten heroic women who founded Religious congregations against incredible odds.

Parents on the alert for worth-while games and reading material, will appreciate two new Guild Press punchout books on **The Mass** and **The Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary**. Their brightly colored illustrations can be cut out and easily assembled to bring home Mass and Rosary lessons. (Distributed by Golden Press, New York, 50¢).



You just can't help making
\$4 TO \$6 AN HOUR
 when you sell Robinson
 Catholic Christmas
 Cards!

Can you imagine an easier way to make extra money for yourself, church, school, club or sodality than by showing your friends and neighbors Robinson Catholic Christmas Cards?

You'll be surprised to see how easy your sales add up with our exciting new assortments including such features as foil underlays, cut-outs, novelty folds, embossing, sparkling glitter, and jewel-like sequins.

You can make as much as 60c on a box selling our 12 lovely new assortments of Catholic Christmas Cards without any experience needed. Other profit makers include: Every day and Birthday cards, gift wrapping assortments, gay stationery and gift items.

FREE

A genuine linen 1961 calendar towel (\$1.25 value) is yours **FREE** with first order. Just Mail coupon below for actual samples on approval and a gorgeous Free album of 47 different personalized Christmas cards.

ROBINSON CARDS

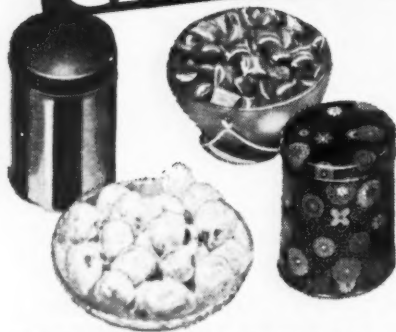
Dept. 104, Clinton, Mass.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

EARN MONEY FOR YOUR CHURCH OR CLUB Selling CANDY



ORDER NOW!

Make Profits at Once!

Send no money. Hold your event. Pay us later. We give responsible groups 30 days from invoice date to make payment. For maximum profits to your group, we ship only in 12 case quantities. (144 cans cost \$99, sell at \$1 to \$1.25 a can. Make from \$44 up to \$80.) Order all of one kind or a combination.

Get-Acquainted Offer

We ship only in 12 case quantities. However, we will send you a \$1 tin of each of 6 best selling candies upon receipt of check or money order for \$5.50 to cover mailing costs.

NORTH STAR Dept. 6-634 251 E. 5th St.
St. Paul 1, Minnesota

☐ I enclose \$5.50. Please send Get-Acquainted Offer and Details.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Organization _____
My Title _____

WHAT'S NEW AND BETTER

All-weather leather is the newest darling of decorators. First developed for use on U.S. nuclear-powered ships, and put to severe tests in salt spray and tropical sun, the new leather is being used on chairs, tables, and window blinds for home use, indoors and out. Members of the Upholstery Leather Group carry it in no fewer than 600 colors. They guarantee it doesn't fade, warp, crack, or heat up under direct sun rays.

A new fad among collectors: saving tea-bag tags. Salada's John W. Colpitts decided advertising on one side of his company's tea-bag tags was sufficient, used the other side for humorous and inspirational messages. His idea has paid off: people now save and swap the tags. Some sample tag lines: "It is easy to tell a well-informed man—his views are like yours." "Don't complain because rose bushes have thorns; be glad they have roses." "Chop your own wood and it will warm you twice."

The New Look has come to school classrooms with Moduwall, a kind of do-it-yourself classroom-wall arrangement. Separate units of chalkboard, tackboard, pegboard, cabinets, shelves, and magazine racks can be combined to suit individual class and space requirements. Panels are flexible and interchangeable so that a classroom used for primary-grade teaching during one period can take on a completely different look for an advanced class within minutes. It is manufactured by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company of Chicago, Ill.

Announcing

The First Complete Guide to
Marital Relations Written Specifically
for the Catholic Home



F. BACHRACH

From the
Foreword by
His Eminence
**FRANCIS
CARDINAL
SPELLMAN**

Archbishop of
New York

"Men and women entering marriage, as well as those already married, should seek the guidance not only of learned human sciences but the wise counsel of Holy Mother, the Church.

"The Catholic Marriage Manual is intended to fulfill this need . . . demonstrating the practical steps by which Christian couples can perfect their own marital union and fulfill the requirements of Catholic parenthood."

The CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL

By Reverend George A. Kelly; Foreword and Imprimatur
by Francis Cardinal Spellman. Authoritative guidance
on all aspects of married life.

Covers Every Aspect of Marriage

The author, Reverend George A. Kelly, is the Director of the New York Archdiocese's Family Life Bureau. His guidance is based on his broad knowledge of everyday family experiences as well as the teachings of the Church. You'll find practical, realistic advice on in-law troubles, money questions, problems of parenthood—all of the daily human difficulties of modern marriage.

Examine It 10 Days Without Charge

Arrangements have been made to offer copies for ten days' free examination. You may obtain a copy for free examination by sending the coupon; no money is required. A copy will be sent to you in a plain wrapper. After ten days, if you decide not to keep it for any reason, simply return it and owe nothing. Otherwise send

\$4.95 plus postage and handling charges as payment in full. Mail the coupon today.
RANDOM HOUSE,
Mail Order Div., Dept.
R1-349, 136 West 52nd
St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

Purposes of Marriage. A sacred vocation . . . parenthood . . . Why marriage must be permanent . . . How the sacrament can purify your love . . . Keys to mutual love . . . Understanding your mate.

A Catholic Doctor Looks at Marriage. (By Bernard J. Pisaní, M.D.) Sex is God's creation; not vulgar . . . Puritanical views of sex . . . Physical aspects . . . How to approach marital act . . . Physical and emotional responses . . . Achieving mutual satisfaction . . . Frigidity, impotence.

Birth Control and the Rhythm Method. Church teaching on contraception . . . Sterilization . . . Calendar method of predicting fertility . . . Body temperature method.

The Miracle of Birth. How child is conceived . . . Signs of pregnancy . . . Delivery . . . Caesareans . . . Miscarriage.

Help for the Childless Couple. Infertility . . . Most favorable conditions for conception . . . Moral questions . . . Adoption.

Danger Signs. Nagging . . . Neglect of religious duties . . . Resolving grievances . . . Giving in on little things . . . Why sex relations should improve with age.

Money Values. The "meal-ticket" husband; the working wife . . . Who should handle the money.

The In-Law Problem. Three principles that avoid friction . . . Caring for aged parents . . . Controlling the situation.

The Problem of Alcoholism. Old beliefs disproved . . . How to handle an alcoholic mate or relative.

Menopause and Old Age. Changes in women . . . Problems of middle-aged men . . . How to adjust . . . Happily growing old together.

Unit Death Do You Part. Divorce evil . . . When Catholic marriages are invalid . . . The Pauline Privilege . . . Annulments . . . Separation.

If Your Mate Is Not a Catholic. Why Church opposes mixed marriages . . . How to encourage non-Catholics to take interest in Church.

Parenthood. Schooling and sex education . . . Five marks of a good parent. **Religion in the Home.** Setting an example for your child . . . Christian Family movement.



RANDOM HOUSE, Dept. R1-349
136 W. 52nd St. New York, N. Y.

Please send me—for FREE ten-day examination—THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL. If for any reason I decide not to keep it, I may return it within ten days and owe nothing. Otherwise I will send only \$4.95 plus a few cents postage and handling charges.

☐ **DE LUXE GIFT EDITION.** Check here if you prefer special boxed edition bound in white Du Pont Fabrikoid stamped in blue foil and genuine gold. Only \$2 additional.
R2-849

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE.** Check here if you enclose payment. Then we will pay all postage and handling costs. Same 10-day refund privilege.

A Canticle for Leibowitz

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

THIS NOVEL, *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, by Walter M. Miller, Jr., is extraordinary. It is an experience, more than a book. Its phrases, scenes, and characters haunt you, urging you back to its pages again and again.

Khrushchev, nuclear weapons, warring systems, man's inhumanity to man, evil, sin actual and original, and monolithic pride—they are all in this novel, because it is a novel about man.

The story opens about the year 3000. Much has happened between *us* and *then*. A nuclear war has been waged, destroying most of the world's great cities, and ushering in a new age of barbarism. The See of Peter has been moved several times.

Survivors have undergone a ferocious reaction. "Who brought the world to ruin!" they asked themselves. The only answer they could find was, "Scientists and learned men." The remaining inventors, scientists, and savants were hunted down by grim-faced vigilantes. Libraries and schools and colleges were sacked and burned. Men forgot to read and write.

One possible center of learning remained—a fortified monastery in

the Utah desert, founded by Isaac Edward Leibowitz. He had been an electronics engineer. The monks converted him after the world holocaust, and he founded his Albertian monastery and a new order. Then he began to nose about in city rubble, seeking out famous books and manuscripts, which were spirited to his monastery for safekeeping. On one such foray Leibowitz was caught red-handed. He and his bookleggers were hanged. By the time the story opens Leibowitz has been beatified.

The second section of the book, covering approximately 600 years, is concerned with a renaissance of learning. Succeeding world rulers have protected their promising youth. Over the generations the plodding scholars have been banded into a Collegium in Texarkana. Their leader, Thon Taddeo, learns of the amazing book collection in the Albertian monastery, and goes there. What he finds enables men to recreate the machines of the past.

In the third 600-year span of the novel man has once again learned to live in fear. There are wars, rumors of wars, and colonial expeditions in spaceships to the farthest

solar systems. Finally, some nation in Asia sets off an experimental bomb—once again the world gets a bath of fire. Before it can engulf the Albertian monastery, a message from new Rome commands the monks to make ready the new Ark, a tremendous starship. The book ends with departure of the ship for the friendlier climate of outer space, as the world smoulders.

This is the main story. It is impossible, in a short space, to suggest the enormously rich texture of this fantastic book. Subplots whirl within plots; constantly racing action, brilliant confrontations, witty encounters prevail. The theme of the book is deeply Catholic. Men may go on making ferocious mistakes, but they need not do so if they follow the guidance of God's Church.

Of hopeful meaning, also, is the last episode in the immediate vicinity of the abbey. After the centuries of suffering humanity, after the two baths of flame, begins the dawn of a new future for the human race in the birth of Rachel—innocent and immortal as Adam and Eve in Eden. As Thompson said, "The song runs round to the song begun."

Outstanding reviewers of the U.S. speak of *A Canticle for Leibowitz* in superlatives. It is a 320-page volume published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, at \$4.95 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). See the Catholic Digest Book Club announcement on pages 64-65.

Folk in the U.S.A. SHOP AT FARAWAY SHANNON AIRPORT ... BY MAIL!

An Airport in the Mail Order business . . . How Come?

Simple, really . . . so many passengers passing through the airport purchased Parisian perfumes cheaper than in Paris . . . Swiss watches cheaper than in Switzerland . . . German toys cheaper than in Germany . . .

*(Because Shannon Airport is
a freeport and pays no
import taxes or levies)*

. . . that they wrote from their homes in the U.S.A., asking if they could buy more . . . by mail!

And YOU could, too!

You don't HAVE to be an ex-trans Atlantic airline passenger to use Shannon's fabulous freeport shop, with its superb Irish Linen, Waterford Crystal, Donegal Tweed, and a wide range of home products, vying with the international quality-merchandise in prestige and price. The Mail-Order Catalog, containing full information on U.S. duties, etc., will be sent gratis, and without obligation, on receipt of POSTCARD to:

**Catalog Department
MAIL-ORDER DIVISION
Shannon Free Airport
I R E L A N D**

By Francis X. Murphy, C.S.S.R.

Pope John's Own Saint

Gregory Barbarigo has a message that the Holy Father is recounting for the modern world

PRESIDING jointly over the ecumenical council to be held in Rome within the next year or two will be a saint in heaven and a saintly man on earth. The saint is Gregory Barbarigo, a 17th-century cardinal of Padua. The saintly man is Pope John, who last Ascension Thursday proclaimed Gregory's sainthood. The ceremony took place in St. John Lateran archbasilica, cathedral of the Pope.

The newly canonized will be intensely interested in the forthcoming council. At his beatification process, some 60 years after his death in 1697, testimony was given by a collaborator, Father Sebastian de Grandis, that had not death intervened the cardinal would certainly have persuaded the Greeks to start discussions in favor of reunion with the papacy.

In proclaiming the saint, Pope John returned to an ancient custom: he dispensed with the long investi-

gation and the two miracles usually required for canonization. Instead, he declared himself satisfied with the original process by which Gregory had been beatified in 1761.

In St. Gregory, the present Holy Father feels he has a kindred spirit, especially at one with him in the desire for Church unity. Indeed, he has confessed to a lifelong devotion to the 17th-century cardinal.

Pope John's interest in the new saint goes far beyond the fact that he had once been Bishop of Bergamo, the present Pontiff's native diocese. There is no doubt, however, that as a youth Angelo Roncalli had reason to remember the impression left on Bergamo by this Venetian-born churchman. The local seminary Angelo attended as a boy, many of the monuments and institutions with which he was familiar as a young priest—all bore the imprint of Gregory Barbarigo's vigorous apostolate. For St. Gregory had modeled

himself as a bishop on St. Charles Borromeo, another of the present Pontiff's favorite saints.

Gregory Barbarigo was born in Venice in 1625, of a family in the diplomatic service, and lost his mother at an early age. His father took him, at 18, to Münster in Germany, on a diplomatic mission for the doge of Venice. There he came into contact with the great men of Church and state, as well as the great problems of the day. He caught the spirit of the scientific and intellectual movements that were then startling northern Europe. Protestantism had become a political as well as religious issue. Young Gregory was startled to see how widespread was the loss of faith among the leaders of the day.

Under those circumstances he made the acquaintance of the papal nuncio, Fabio Chigi. The nuncio introduced him to the writings of St. Francis de Sales, and in particular to the *Introduction to the Devout Life*. Gregory wanted to understand the politics behind the peace being arranged at Münster. Chigi knew that the common-sense spirituality of St. Francis showed that a man working in the world could lead a life of Christian perfection.

Gregory returned to Venice by way of Paris, where he was presented to King Louis XIV. But at the invitation of Archbishop Chigi, he soon made his way to Rome. Chigi told him not to enter any of the cloistered Orders. The advice was prophetic.

"God evidently wants your talents," said Chigi, "for service to the Church in the social sphere, where in times so perilous and difficult they are greatly needed."

Gregory, upon receiving his degree in law at the age of 30, finally decided to become a priest. The Patriarch of Venice ordained him at the end of the same year, 1655. A few months later, he was called to Rome. His patron, Cardinal Chigi, had just been elected Pope Alexander VII.

The newly ordained priest was immediately loaded with responsibilities and honors. But his ordeal came quickly. In 1656 a plague broke out in Rome. The epidemic attacked the poor, huddled in the Trastevere sector across the Tiber. The Pope told Gregory to bring spiritual and physical care to the stricken. The young prelate was horrified. But he was soon performing heroic acts of charity. He organized sanitation teams, set up emergency hospitals,



and personally attended the dying and buried the dead.

The experience taught him, he frankly confessed later on, not to be afraid of fear. For the grace of courage brings with it the touch of prudence. It is necessary to both stimulate and temper the exercise of courage.

The experience likewise won him a bishopric. He was consecrated in the Church of St. Mark in Rome for the Diocese of Bergamo. He took possession of his new post by proxy, an archdeacon named Rudolph Roncalli acting as his agent.

Despite Pope Alexander's affection for him, Bishop Barbarigo could not be persuaded to tarry long in Rome. He was soon on his way to Bergamo, there to commence the great reform movement with which his name is so properly connected in the north of Italy. He first turned his attention to the seminary: scholarship standards were immediately raised and piety emphasized. The social as well as the spiritual needs of the poor were investigated. Courses in Christian doctrine as well as the practice of devout living were introduced in town and country.

In 1660 Gregory Barbarigo was created a cardinal, at the age of 35. Down to Rome he hastened to receive his red hat. But just as quickly he dashed back to Bergamo. He had already transformed his diocese from a good but sleepy province into a center of spiritual fervor.

In 1667, Cardinal Barbarigo was

PRECEDENTS

St. Gregory Barbarigo's canonization, taking place in St. John Lateran, was the first such ceremony to be performed outside St. Peter's basilica in more than two centuries. Meanwhile, the first afternoon Mass to be celebrated in St. Peter's was offered for pilgrims who came from Venice, Bergamo, and Padua for the canonization. Celebrant of the Mass was Msgr. Pericle Filici, vicar of St. Peter's.

transferred to Padua. Again the procedure he had followed upon his arrival in Bergamo was put into effect. He moved the seminary into an abandoned monastery, remarking that both students and priests would need room for expansion. He summoned professors from other centers of learning, bringing in new blood and a leaven of modernity to the disciplines of science and theology. He himself proposed a course of studies modeled on the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*, but adapted to the needs of a diocesan seminary.

In like manner, he revamped the catechism of the Council of Trent, simplifying its contents and enlivening its style in keeping with the needs of the more neglected members of his flock. He revived religious guilds, founded confraternities of men, and established what we would term today a laymen's retreat league. Then he held a diocesan synod.

Thus he brought the ancient rules and customs of Padua up to date, aligning them with the laws laid down at Trent.

But all this was only part of the man's interests. Gregory was a Venetian. In his veins coursed the blood of seafaring men who were well acquainted with the oriental shores of the Mediterranean. In all that vast territory the Church had suffered great losses. The majority of the Christians there belonged to the Orthodox churches. A large number of them lived under the oppressive rule of the Mohammedans.

Gregory Barbarigo had a practical cast of mind. Venturing on a rare enterprise for those days, he founded a seminary printing press. He provided it with type not merely for Latin and Italian books, but also for pamphlets in Greek, Syrian, Persian, and Hebrew. What was even more difficult, he persuaded his seminary professors to master these Oriental tongues. Pointing to their usefulness in the study of Scriptures, he emphasized their need in propaganda work among Christians cut off from the Catholic Church.

Cardinal Barbarigo took part in five papal conclaves. Thrice he had all he could do to prevent his own election. In 1676 it was only by adroit maneuvering that he turned attention from himself, and persuaded his fellow cardinals to elect the saintly Cardinal Odescalchi as Pope Innocent XI. That Pontiff took a proper revenge. When Barbarigo

called to take leave of the new Pope, he was met with the startling: "Ah, no, my Lord Cardinal! You will remain in Rome! You will share with Us the burden of the papacy, which you did not want yourself, but which you had no scruple about passing on to Us!"

The cardinal spent four years in the Eternal City as the right hand of the new Pontiff. He had to assist with the immense problems breaking on every side before the determined reform measures of this wise Pope. Despite his part in the government of the Church, his constant attendance at great functions, his visitation of dioceses and Religious Orders, Cardinal Barbarigo managed to keep a steadying hand on the spiritual revolution he had inaugurated at home in Padua.

At the same time he showed himself determined not to lose the common touch in Rome. In residence close to the Church of St. Thomas in Pirano, the cardinal could be found of an afternoon teaching catechism to children and their parents. His example was contagious. Even those cardinals who had considered Barbarigo's project bizarre were soon zealously imitating him. In 1680 he returned to Padua.

Gregory Barbarigo presided over the Padua diocese for 33 years. On his arrival, there were but 24 schools providing a desultory teaching of Christian doctrine. At his death, the diocese could boast of 365 centers with excellent teachers, good text-

books, and inspired students. He founded societies to teach the faith to the neglected. Hospitals, orphanages, and shelters for young girls as well as technical schools for boys soon blossomed in the city.

The cardinal then turned full attention to the problem of the Oriental churches. The fact of a divided Christendom haunted him. "Not a day passes," he was heard to say, "that I do not think of our brothers in the East, and of preparing priests who by their knowledge of languages will be able to make contact with them."

He personally endowed a seminary on Corfu island in the Mediterranean for this purpose. He printed a large number of spiritual books in Greek, Slavic, and other Eastern tongues to provide members of the dissident churches with encouragement and the means of grace. He made personal contact with

many of the Orthodox leaders, and so stretched his personal charities among them as to reduce himself to poverty.

Death cut off his work for Church unity. When he died in 1697, he was 72.

It is obvious that the Holy Father desires to display this man to the Christian world as a "truly modern saint." Hardly a day passes without his making some reference to him. He takes great satisfaction in describing Cardinal Barbarigo as a zealous pastor and efficient administrator. He is equally at pains to indicate the high level of culture and worldly wisdom that Gregory Barbarigo combined with a saintly way of life. In keeping with his plans to strengthen the spiritual and intellectual resources of the Church today, Pope John feels he has here a convincing model of a great churchman to hold up before the world.



ONLY MAKE-BELIEVE

A Latin-American diplomat was taking leave of Pope Pius IX. The pontiff graciously asked if there was any favor that the diplomat particularly desired.

The gentleman confessed a long-secret ambition: to be canonized by Pope Pius.

The Holy Father suspected that what the diplomat really meant to ask for was a special blessing. He fielded the request deftly by saying that the gentleman would have to be dead in order to be canonized.

"However," he added pleasantly (with delicate allusion to the world of pretense and duplicity in which diplomats live), "if you will pretend to be dead, I will pretend to canonize you." *Central California Register* (6 May '60).

By Robert S. deRopp
*Condensed from "Man Against Aging"**

Go hungry to stay young

Laboratory experiments indicate that a little judicious fasting may be the best way to prolong your life

THE MAN WHO came closest to finding the elixir of youth was not Ponce de Leon but an American student of nutrition, Dr. Clive McCay of Cornell university. In 1927 Dr. McCay began experimenting with white rats. It is too bad that he could not have extended his observations to man, but the regimen McCay imposed was rather heroic; few parents would be willing to see it applied to their children.

McCay began by asking himself whether length of life is related to rate of growth. Aristotle had pondered the same question thousands of years earlier. T. R. Edmonds in 1832 had written a book on the subject, suggesting that periods of hardship alternating with periods of prosperity were the surest way to long life. Adversity in youth, he declared, tended to retard the rate of maturing. An increase of a year in the duration of infancy would lengthen adult life by seven times this amount.

Several biologists have declared that when we stop growing we start to age. The long-lived turtle evades senescence by continuing to grow

indefinitely. So, too, does the carp.

Mammals and birds have lost this art. Growth for them is limited by some regulating machinery, prob-



ably located in the pituitary. A phase of rapid growth is followed by one of slower growth and finally by one of no growth at all. Maturity, in these creatures, means cessation of growth. The bones harden into their final form. The dimensions of the body become fixed and stay fixed. From then on the body replaces only as much as it loses, and does not even replace this perfectly, for, if it did, there would be no such thing as senescence.

If that theory is true, might not

*© 1960 by Robert deRopp, and reprinted with permission of St. Martin's Press, 175 5th Ave., New York City 10.

the life of a mammal be prolonged indefinitely if one could prevent it from growing up?

Dr. McCay attacked the problem by cutting down his laboratory animals' food supply. He fed each rat just enough protein, minerals, and vitamins to maintain life but leave no excess for growth. On such a diet the rat would reach a certain size and stay there. A rodent Peter Pan would be given prolonged childhood, at the cost of being perpetually hungry.

One hundred and six white rats were divided into two groups. Rats in the first group were allowed to eat as much as they desired. They were fed the basic ration plus unlimited calories in a mixture of sugar and lard. These rats proceeded, as is the fashion among both rats and men, to dig their graves with their teeth as briskly as possible. The last two doddering survivors of this group died of extreme old age at 965 days. Ten days in the life of a rat is equivalent to a year in the life of a man, so we can say they reached the equivalent of 96 years.

Rats in the second group were not permitted to eat their way to senescence. They received just as adequate a diet as did the fat rats in group I. Both groups received equal amounts of proteins, minerals, and vitamins. The second group differed from the first only in the amount of calories it received. No lard. No sugar. No calories to spare. Because these rats were so short of calories, they had no excess energy to spend

on growth. They did grow, but very slowly. The great gush of growth which normally occurs in mammals during childhood and adolescence was reduced to a trickle. The steeply rising growth curve was flattened to a gentle slope.

The growth retardation did not seem to affect the rats' intelligence. They were active and alert. Their pulse rates were about 100 beats below normal. They showed a surprising resistance to the diseases which carried off their full-fed brethren. They retained youth, glossy coats, and alertness at an age when the last members of the full-fed group were old and withered.

The longest retarded group reached an age of 1,000 days before being allowed its full quota of calories. They then proceeded to grow at the normal rate! They showed every evidence of youth.

A young rat 1,000 days old! Allowing for the difference between rat-time and man-time, it is as if we were speaking of a young man 100 years old. The amazing thing is that this long-retarded rat, whose childhood had exceeded the entire lifetime of a normal rat, still had the capacity to grow normally as soon as he got extra calories.

There seems, however, to be a limit to the amount of retardation a rat can stand. Although, in general, it stays young during the retardation, some of its organs continue to age, particularly the bones. Such rats suffered that loss of calcium which

frequently occurs in elderly human beings, a condition known as osteoporosis. McCay's retarded rats rarely managed to live longer than 1,400 days. But McCay's work indicates that there is no unalterable mechanism in the body which ticks away like an egg timer, numbering out our days.

McCay's experiments seemed to prove what many writers had long suspected. Francis Bacon, writing in the days of the first Elizabeth, remarked, "It seems to be approved by experience that a spare diet, such as is either prescribed by the strict rules of a monastic life, or practiced by hermits which have necessity and poverty for their rule, rendereth a man long-lived."

About the same time that McCay was working with laboratory animals, Frederick Hoelzel, using himself as a guinea pig, was conducting somewhat similar experiments. It was Hoelzel's conviction that modern man's illnesses were largely the result of overeating. He argued that the human digestive system, evolved during about a million years of savagery, had become adapted to a coarse diet. Primitive man had a hard time finding nutritious food. At intervals, he staved off hunger by devouring anything he could, just as the Chinese today sometimes eat clay mixed with grass.

So the human digestive system became accustomed to comparatively indigestible materials. It even acquired a craving for them. This crav-

ing Hoelzel described as "normal bulk hunger." It does not indicate any real need for nourishment; the idle stomach simply needs something to keep it occupied.

Modern man, however, no longer understands the message sent by his stomach and overloads it with nutritious food. The trouble is compounded by his pernicious habit of satisfying "appetite"; he eats for the mere pleasure of eating.

Hoelzel, being only 19, was plagued by that almost incessant desire to eat common to many youths. So, rather than stuff himself with food, he looked about for something which would smother his "bulk hunger" without overloading his internal economy.

He started with charcoal but found it unsatisfying. Next he tried sand. "I had no difficulty swallowing moist sea sand seasoned with salt. The swallowing of about four ounces of sand made me feel as if I had eaten a meal. But the sand proved to be too heavy and too irritating."

Hoelzel tried glass beads, but, by rolling in his stomach, they aggravated his craving instead of reducing it. He tried loam, corncocks, Chinese papyrus, sawdust, nutshells. He tried cork, feathers, hair, wool, sponge, straw, powdered coal, rubber, asbestos, chalk, silk, flax, rayon, banana stems, talcum powder. None served his purpose.

Finally he turned to semisynthetic substances. He prepared a spongy

form of cellulose similar to that used for making cellophane. This, it appeared, was the answer. He found the cellulose as easy to eat as macaroni.

Hoelzel studied the effects of fasting also. In 1925 he fasted for 41 consecutive days; in 1927 for five months. He decided that actual fasting, as opposed to eating bulk, did more harm than good. However, he changed his mind when he later joined Professor Carlson at Chicago and the two of them conducted experiments with rats. Carlson and Hoelzel gave one rat group all the food they desired, compelling the other group to fast one day in three. "Intermittent fasting" declared the two scientists, "seems to delay the development of the disorders which lead to death."

Thus far, no similar experiments have been tried on human beings. The ancient Spartans came nearest to proving the point. "Their supper," wrote Plutarch of the Spartan youths, "was but slender at all times. To fence against want they were forced to exercise their courage and adroitness. This was the first intention of their spare diet. A subordinate one was to make them grow tall, for when the animal spirits are not too much oppressed by a great quantity of food, they mount upwards by their natural lightness, and the body easily and freely shoots up in height. This also contributed to make them handsome, for thin and slender habits yield more freely to nature, which

gives a fine proportion to the limbs, while the heavy and gross resist her by their weight."

Were the Spartan youths retarded by their meager food intake as were McCay's rats? Did they, as a result, enjoy a longer life span? Probably not, for the Spartans were addicted to warfare and thus rarely reached old age. Probably, too, they were not only undernourished but also malnourished; their diets lacked several vital elements.

Contemporary parents have swung to the opposite extreme. Ever since the Victorian era the custom of stuffing the young has been in vogue both in Europe and America.

The defenseless babe is stuffed like a Strasbourg goose with soggy pap, vitamin depleted by heat sterilization. Nothing gives more satisfaction to the average mother than to pile Junior's plate with enough calories to supply the needs of several full-grown laborers. Her satisfaction is supreme when, bloated as an anaconda that has swallowed a whole goat, he can hardly rise from the table.

Mom is no doubt convinced that she is doing Junior a good turn by thus grossly overloading his digestive system. But is she trying to rear a future heavyweight boxer, professional weight lifter, or circus freak? Probably she has no such plans but intends that Junior shall spend his days in an office. So why should he be fattened like a Thanksgiving turkey?


The practice of overeating, of stuffing more fuel into the machine than is needed either for functioning or maintenance, is so widespread in the U.S. as to constitute a national vice. Horrendous examples can be seen in any diner, restaurant, or luncheon club. Top executives, whose utmost exertion is to lift a telephone, load digestive systems with enough food at a single meal to satisfy needs for a week. Blood streams already clogged with cholesterol are further imperiled with great gobs of oleaginous chyle. Additional deposits of surplus fat add to a load already far in excess of what is good.

The body is designed to break down its own fuel, burn it, and get rid of the waste. When food intake is excessive the body cannot burn it fast enough. It becomes choked by products of its own overloaded metabolism. Kidneys are overburdened. Great rolls of fat interfere with the movement of muscles and place an added burden on the heart. The

vital hormone, insulin, which is essential for the burning of the body's chief fuel, is so heavily drawn upon that the cells which produce it begin to fail. To the ills of obesity are added those of diabetes. Most of our ills can be corrected by simply balancing fuel intake against need.

"Hunger is the best sauce"; it is the only reliable indicator that the body needs more fuel. If we allow genuine hunger to develop before we eat there will be little danger of overeating.

The man in the habit of eating a large lunch may feel half-starved if he eats half as much. It is not because he is really hungry but because his stomach is not as distended as usual. The man for whom eating is one of life's major pleasures will always tend to overeat; he is guided not by hunger but by false appetite. Such a man must weigh the pleasures of excessive eating against the discomforts of being overweight and the probability of dying young.



FREE PHOTOGRAPH OF CARDINAL SPELLMAN

You may have a beautiful 6 by 8½-inch photograph of Cardinal Spellman in living color, suitable for framing. Send 10¢ to cover mailing cost, with this coupon, to CATHOLIC DIGEST, 2959 No. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Priest of the Good Thieves

*Father Charles Clark of St. Louis has taken
the name Dismas in honor of his flock*

IT WAS 2 A.M. when the phone rang. Jesuit Father Charles Clark, of St. Louis, Mo., struggled out of bed and grasped the phone. "This is Father Clark."

"Jim here, Father," came a young voice. "Me and a buddy, Randy, have got a supermarket all set up. We're going to hit it tomorrow. If we score, we're in the chips. Pray for us, Father."

"This is a big job, Jim," replied the priest in alarm. "Who's this guy Randy? Is he any good. Is he jumpy with a gun?"

"No, Father," said Jim, uncertainly. "We've cased the place and got it all figured out."

"Has Randy done any jobs before? Has he pushed over a gas station? Supermarkets are a lot tougher than gas stations. You'd better bring him over to see me."

An hour later, two pistol-toting kids walked into Father Clark's office.

"I don't know you, son," Father Clark said. "Done any jobs before?"

Randy swung on his pal. "Are we

going to stand here all night listenin' to this guy yack?"

Jim smashed a fist into Randy's mouth. "Nobody talks to Father Clark like that," he yelled.

The 58-year-old priest jumped between the youths. "Step outside, Jim," he said. "I want to talk to Randy."

He sized up the lad quickly. Then he spoke. "You'll never make a gunman. I can tell that by your fingers. They're too small."

Then, abruptly, the priest asked, "Where does your mother live?"



"My father shot her," mumbled Randy in tears.

"I'll get you a job, son. And a good place to live."

Soon, Jim and Randy had abandoned their plans for the stick-up. They went out into the night, and have not been mixed up in any trouble since.

Father Clark went back to bed. It was all part of the day's—and night's—work. For 25 years, the lean, strawberry-haired priest has made the underworld his parish. His flock is made up of murderers, arsonists, hijackers, forgers, and burglars. From Alcatraz to Sing Sing and all the prisons in between, he is known to thousands as the hoodlums' priest.

Fired by a consuming compassion for criminals and a matching horror of crime, he has dedicated his life to helping lawbreakers. He has saved ten men from the gas chamber and has sponsored more than 2,000 convicts for parole. He has found jobs and homes for hundreds of hardened thugs once bankrupt of hope. Scores have been saved from imprisonment by his intercession.

Father Clark, wired in on the underworld grapevine, is one of the best-informed men in the "business." He has long since lost count of the number of wrongdoers who have surrendered to him. One convict, released last year after 18 years in the penitentiary for armed robbery, declared earnestly, "I would die for Father Clark. And I know a hundred more who would, too."

His success in rehabilitating ex-convicts is impressive. Of the thousands helped by his unfailing kindness, an astonishing 98% have since maintained an unblemished record!

Sitting in his study one night, the priest heard over the radio that two men had been slain in a hotel hold-up. The culprits had already been caught.

Father Clark rushed to the jail, where he found a snarling, blood-smeared hood named Sammy. He knew him slightly. Sammy had been adopted by a woman incapable of managing him. At 17, he had been put away for two years for a \$19 robbery. Now he was arrested for murder.

Policemen could not get near Sammy in the cell. When they approached, he pulled a razor blade as though from thin air and slashed viciously at them.

Father Clark went inside Sammy's cell. "What's wrong, Sammy?" he asked. Within a minute, the young hoodlum began sobbing, then he collapsed.

For the murder trial, Sammy had a battery of six of the best lawyers in St. Louis, recruited by Father Clark. But he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

For Father Clark, the fight had just begun. He and the lawyers, who offered their services free, worked doggedly to save Sammy. For two and a half years, they shuttled to and from the state supreme court. Finally, the court ruled that Sammy

had been tried for the murder of two hotel employees. (You can face only one murder charge at a time.) It granted a new trial.

At this, Sammy pleaded guilty and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He owes his life to Father Clark.

One of the priest's most sensational cases involved a nurse, whom we will call Jean. Father Clark knew her as a respectable, hard-working woman. He also knew her husband as a brute who drank heavily and often beat her.

After one spree, Jean's husband came home swinging. In self-defense, she grabbed a carving knife and, in the scuffle, plunged the knife into her husband's back.

In court, a friend tipped off Father Clark that Jean, in the judge's chamber with her lawyer, was ready to plead guilty in exchange for having the charge reduced from 1st-degree to 2nd-degree murder. The priest sprang to his feet and burst into the chamber.

"Jean," he urged, "don't plead guilty. When all the evidence comes out, no jury in the land could possibly convict you."

She looked helplessly at her lawyer and the judge. They told her to ignore the priest. Following their counsel, she would get ten years. Following the priest's, she would risk her life.

Jean decided to follow Father Clark's advice. After the trial, the jury didn't even bother to take a

vote. Its verdict of acquittal was unanimous.

The padre confesses to one bad mistake. One night he sat in a drug-store, chatting with the owner, when a youth walked in.

"One glance was enough to see he was going to stick up the store," recalled the priest. "You can always tell when a hood is on a job. He's jumpy and his skin turns greenish white. This kid also had a hand in his pocket, obviously on a gun."

Father Clark said to him. "Look, son, forget about this job. This man has done a lot for guys like you."

Then, jokingly, he added, "If you want to stick up something, try the bar down the road."

Inside a half hour, the priest heard the wail of police sirens. "That darn kid took me at my word," he said. "Sure enough, he had held up the bar!"

Since most cons consider an alias almost as important as a gun, Father Clark took one himself: Dismas. St. Dismas was one of the two thieves who died on Calvary with Christ. "So when people dismiss some hood as hopeless, I point out that a thief was the only one ever canonized personally by our Lord."

Father Clark began his mission to criminals before the 2nd World War. He was the youngest of 13 children of an Illinois coal miner, and was, he says, headed for the penitentiary himself. "I was a wild kid. The cops in Decatur spent half their time chasing me, and hardly

a day passed that I wasn't mixed up in a brawl or rolling dice."

But at 17 he met a Jesuit priest. "He changed my life. He was devoted to people. He liked me and took an interest in me. We wrote to each other. From his example, I decided to become a Jesuit, too."

Judge David Fitzgibbon, a prominent St. Louis jurist, one day invited Father Clark to visit his court. From there he visited jails and took cigarettes to inmates. He interviewed their families and helped arrange paroles.

After the war, the priest studied criminology and dedicated his life to helping criminals. Operating from a phone booth, he launched the work that was to take him to prisons in every state in the country.

Last October, with Judge Fitzgibbon and Morris A. Shenker, an Orthodox Jew and one of the nation's leading criminal lawyers, Father Clark opened a "halfway house" to help cons make the transition from prison to freedom.

The three men formed the Father Dismas Clark foundation to run it. At a breakfast attended by business, labor, and professional men, they raised \$40,000 to buy a run-down school in the St. Louis slum district. Shenker then wrote a check for another \$40,000, a no-interest loan, for renovations.

Today the house is equipped with

modern kitchen, restaurant, library, recreation rooms, dormitories, barbershop, clothing store, and chapel. Dominating the entrance hall is a magnificent, six-foot painting of St. Dismas. "It was done by one of the 'boys,'" said Father Clark. "He used to write bad checks!"

The house is run on charity. Neither the Church nor the state contributes to its support. Father Clark gets 90% of the money and help so urgently needed to run the St. Louis home from Jews. "Jews," he explains, "have a great devotion to human rights."

For all his success, Father Clark feels he is walking a tightrope. "We need \$30,000 a year to keep the house going," he said. "On top of that, we have a big mortgage. And there isn't a man who comes here who is not, in a sense, a big problem."

The money shortage may soon be eased. A Hollywood studio will screen the priest's life. Ten per cent of the profits will go to the foundation.

Father Clark looks far beyond St. Louis. He says fervently, "I will not be satisfied till I see a house such as ours in every large American city.

"We have 2.5 million people in our armed forces, 3.5 million in our universities, and five million in prison. Building bigger and stronger prisons will not solve the problem. We've got to get at the cause."

When someone says, "I hope you won't mind my telling you this," it's more than likely you will. Mrs. Deane Binder.

By Chris Rollman

Santa Fe: City of the Holy Faith

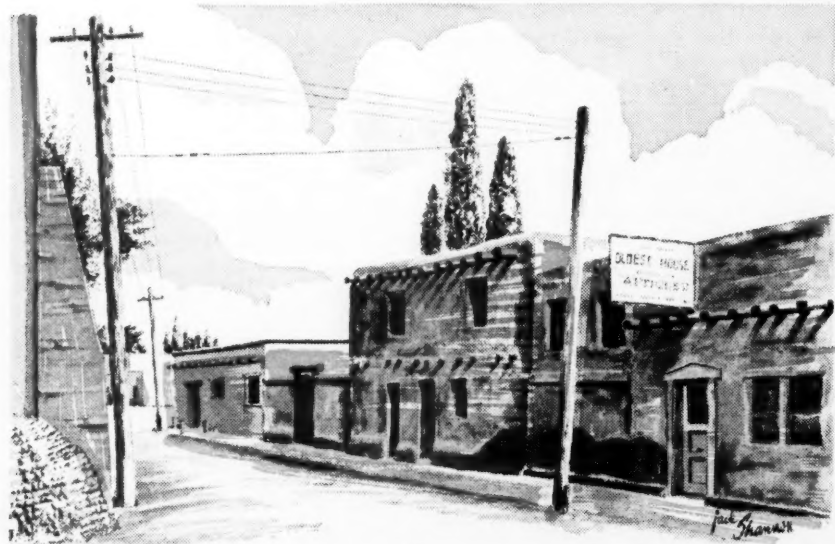
*Her 350th birthday finds New Mexico's capital
beloved of artists, writers, historians, and tourists*

NO OTHER CITY in the world is like Santa Fe. It is the oldest capital city in the Union, a seat of government for a decade before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The Palace of the Governors on the Plaza is the oldest government building in the U.S. Four different flags have waved above it: those of Spain, Mexico, the Confederacy, and the U.S.

It is a city without a skyline, with

low, flat-roofed buildings dominated by the Cathedral of St. Francis. A great railroad takes its name from the city, but Santa Fe is not on that railroad, or on any other railroad. Passengers on the Santa Fe road leave their Pullmans at the small town of Lamy and travel 19 miles by bus to the city.

Indians in native costumes walk the streets, along with men from the range in broad-brimmed Stetsons



and citizens in colorful Southwestern garb. One hears and reads Spanish everywhere. *Camino* is a more frequently encountered term than *street*. The name Santa Fe (Holy Faith) is an abbreviation of the full name Don Pedro de Peralta gave to the city at its founding in 1609, *La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco* (the Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis). The city holds fast to its traditions, is proud of its long history. The tradition and the history are Catholic.

A story (probably apocryphal) is told about a visit to Santa Fe by Lee Casey, a columnist of Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*. His writing was admired in Santa Fe for two decades before he visited the city. The welcoming committee took it for granted that a man named Casey would be a Catholic. Lee, an Episcopalian, was taken on a tour of the many Catholic shrines. He was a patient and courteous guest.

In the siesta hour of that hot day, the little group approached the cathedral. Like many churches, it had a pigeon problem. A lay Brother in a brown robe, with a .22 rifle, was solemnly picking off pigeons from the façade.

Casey drew a deep, ecstatic breath. "Ah," he said, "St. Francis and the birds!"

Marcos de Nizo, a Franciscan friar, claimed the land that is now New Mexico for Spain in May, 1539. The early Franciscans did not hesitate to go alone, or in pairs, into

strange territory, surveying, mapping, planting crosses.

A year later, Coronado made his famous expedition. Two of the Franciscans who accompanied him remained behind when he returned to Mexico. They were killed by the Indians. New Mexico was named on the maps as *Nuevo Méjico* as early as 1565, but was not colonized until 1598, the second permanent colony in what is now the U.S. Santa Fe was established as the capital in 1610. By 1617 there were 11 missionary churches.

The Spanish colonists built their cities in accordance with instructions from King Philip II of Spain. "The plaza should be a rectangle, prolonged so that the length is at least half again as long as its width," Philip wrote, "because this form is best for celebrations with horses, and for any others that are to take place."

Visitors to Santa Fe find such a plaza, smaller now by half than when it was laid out, but still the heart of the city. On the north side of the Plaza is the Palace of the Governors, completed in 1612. It was built of adobe bricks: mud mixed with straw, molded and dried in the sun. Much of the original structure remains.

"The roof, of course, is not the roof which sheltered Don Pedro de Peralta in 1612," a guide says apologetically. However, an expert has dated some of the timbers in the present roof to 1711-21. The walls, better than four feet thick, are remind-

ers that it was a fortress as well as an administrative building.

The fortress fell in the Indian uprising of 1680 and was not retaken until 1692. The U.S. flag first flew above the palace in 1846, when Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny occupied the city during the war with Mexico. That flag was replaced briefly by the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy in 1862, but flew again before the year was over. The Governor's Palace today houses the Museum of New Mexico.

Buildings in the Plaza area are of the traditional adobe with low, flat roofs. Santa Fe's famous La Fonda hotel merges into the atmosphere of the past. The hotel stands on the site of the original inn, dating to 1846, which marked the end of the Santa Fe Trail.

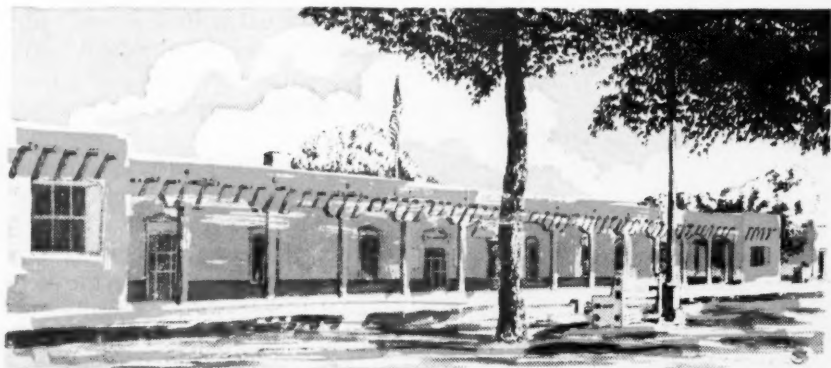
It is a walk of only a few blocks from the Plaza to the Church of San Miguel, the oldest chapel in the U.S. San Miguel presents a puzzle to

archaeologists and historians. A church was built on the site by the Franciscans in 1610. The probable date of the present structure was 1641. It unquestionably contains some material from the original church. It was restored in 1710. Its bell rang for three centuries in a bell tower in Spain before it was brought to Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1712. It came to Santa Fe a century later.

Across a narrow street from the church is the oldest house in the U.S. It was built by the Tigua Indians before the Spaniards came, and was occupied, tradition says, as a rectory by the first pastor of San Miguel.

The Cathedral of St. Francis is the most impressive structure in Santa Fe. It dominates the Plaza area. Its cornerstone was laid in 1869. That makes it a comparative youngster among its ancient neighbors, but great legends surround it. It stands on the site of the church

The Palace of the Governors



and monastery established in 1622 by the Franciscans, and was built around a church erected in 1713.

When the American army occupied Santa Fe in 1846, the city was cut away from its roots. Its bishops and archbishops were in Mexico, an enemy country. The clergy were left without guidance, subject to an English-speaking government and with an invasion of traders and settlers who were neither Spanish nor Catholic. Church authority and prestige suffered.

The hierarchy of the American Church did not know what to do about New Mexico. St. Louis, created an archdiocese in 1846, did not seem to have jurisdiction, but if not St. Louis, who did have responsibility? In 1850, the U.S. declared New Mexico a territory, and Pope Pius IX made it a vicariate.

Father John Baptist Lamy, a French missionary priest of the See of Cincinnati, was named vicar apostolic. He traveled to his new post by the water route to New Orleans and Galveston, then overland. He brought with him his classmate, Father Joseph P. Machebeuf. The story of these two extraordinary priests inspired Willa Cather to write her greatest novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

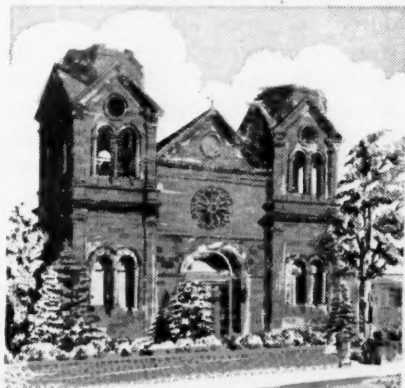
The New Mexican priests were further confused to find themselves under authority of a Frenchman. Some of them rebelled, taking their parishioners with them into schism.

Bishop Lamy was in a difficult

position. He needed priests, and the old sources were closed to him. Neither Spain nor Mexico could send priests to this territory. He found no ardor for vocations where Church morale was low, no funds for schools or seminaries. There was only a long tradition of Catholic belief and practice. He turned to his native France for help.

French priests came, a few at a time, over a vast distance, under dangerous travel conditions. They adopted both the language of their people, Spanish, and the language of their new country, English. With them came the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The Brothers have played a heroic role in the history of Santa Fe, where they have taught continuously since 1859. St. Michael's college, which is under their direction, has an enrollment of more than 400. Affiliated with the college is St. Michael's High school.

The Cathedral of St. Francis



Illustrations by Jack Shannon

The Sisters of Loretto were the first teachers brought to New Mexico by Bishop Lamy. Only four of the first six nuns who started from Kentucky in 1852 survived the journey across the plains, but the four established the Academy and Convent of Our Lady of Light.

The chapel at Our Lady of Light academy contains one of Santa Fe's most popular attractions: the famous spiral stairway. It is built of carefully fitted segments of hardwood, without a nail and without any external support. Architects from all over the world have studied it, but it has never been duplicated.

A charming legend is associated with the stairway. When the chapel was built, the native carpenters constructed a high choir loft without any means of access. A conventional staircase would have protruded too far into the small chapel. The choir loft could be reached only by means of ladders.

After this situation had been endured for some time, an elderly stranger presented himself at the door of the convent. He said he was a carpenter. He was prepared to build a stairway without encroaching upon pew space. He had his own tools, and he brought each day a supply of fine-grained hardwood.

When he had completed his work, the nuns had a stairway with inherent stability and balance, curving gracefully from floor to loft, with delicately embellished banisters. The mother superior asked the carpenter

to wait while she went for his pay. When she returned, he was gone. No one ever saw him again, and the Sisters of Loretto were never able to discover the source of the wood in their stairway.

It is only a few steps across a narrow street from the academy to the cathedral. One passes the statue of John Baptist Lamy. It is a monument to a great man, but is hardly necessary. He became the first Archbishop of Santa Fe in 1875, but before that, in 1865, he was able to report that he had now 37 priests where he had found only ten, 45 new churches and chapels, four houses of the Sisters of Loretto, and three of the Christian Brothers. The archbishop died on Feb. 14, 1888. He was buried under the high altar of the cathedral. The present ordinary, the Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, is the 8th Archbishop of Santa Fe.

The Cathedral of St. Francis was modeled after the cathedral in Clermont, France, Archbishop Lamy's home city. Like the French priests who came to Santa Fe, it might have been incongruous in a Spanish setting; but, like those priests, it adapted itself to its surroundings. It is made of native sandstone which blends perfectly with the landscape.

The great treasure of the cathedral is an image of the Blessed Virgin known as *La Conquistadora*. The image, 28 inches tall, is carved from willow. It was in the Parroquia at Santa Fe in 1680 when the Indians drove the Spaniards from the city.

It was rescued from the flames by a fleeing Spaniard, and went into exile for 12 years.

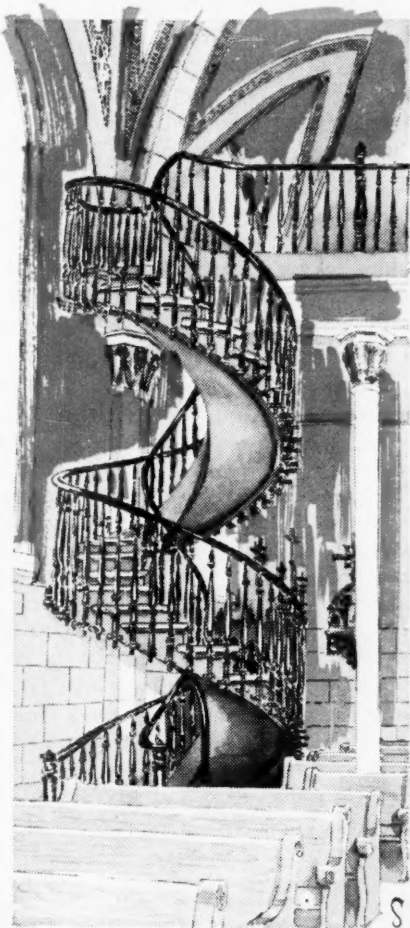
When Don Diego De Vargas recaptured Santa Fe in 1692, the little image accompanied him. De Vargas credited his victory to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. He made a vow that yearly homage would be paid in Santa Fe to *Nuestra Señora La Conquistadora*.

The yearly De Vargas procession is the highlight of the Santa Fe year. *La Conquistadora* leaves her chapel each September to be carried in procession over the route of that first victory march.

The De Vargas celebration each Labor day weekend is climaxed by a fiesta. There is music everywhere, with guitars and mandolins dominating; the scene includes bright costumes, Indians dancing traditional dances in the streets, men and women on horseback. The excitement centers on the Plaza before the ancient Palace of the Governors, but a grand climax is staged on the first night with the burning of Zozobra, a 40-foot effigy representing the spirit of gloom.

The following morning, the revelers assemble again for a pontifical high Mass at the cathedral. The climax of the second day is a candle-light procession to the Cross of the Martyrs, which commemorates the martyrdom of the Franciscan friars.

From such contrasts does Santa Fe derive the qualities which make it unique among American cities. It is difficult sometimes to realize that Santa Fe is a state capital in the U.S., but New Mexico has been a state since 1912. She had a higher per capita rate of 2nd World War casualties than any other state.



Staircase in the Chapel of the Academy of Our Lady of Light

The city has displayed other contrasts. Lew Wallace was governor of the New Mexico territory from 1878 to 1881. While he was residing in the Palace of the Governors, he wrote *Ben Hur*. Billy the Kid was once confined in chains within a few yards of the room in which *Ben Hur* was written.

Artists come to Santa Fe from many parts of the world. They revel in the color of rock and sky, prairie and desert, mountain and butte. Many writers, too, have found there a way of life that is tranquil, informal, a strange blend of the present moment and the ancient past. (The atomic city of Los Alamos is only 70-odd miles away, but a citizen digging a cellar may unearth artifacts of the 14th century.)

Santa Fe is not a wealthy city. It possesses no great industrial payrolls, no huge smokestacks cutting the sky. It has fewer sidewalks than any other capital city in the U.S.

It is set in beauty, however, and on a cool evening the air is fragrant with the smoke of piñon wood. Guitars are strummed in secluded patios, and voices sing softly in Spanish or in English. The cathedral bells announce the hours.

The bells are urgent in the morning, when they call the faithful to Mass. The leading hotel is less than a block from the cathedral, and the earliest Masses are early indeed, but no one complains. The bells are very old, and there is music in them, and Santa Fe, after all, is the City of the Holy Faith.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

Because of a trivial misunderstanding, my brother and I had not been on speaking terms for years. One day when I was stationed at my army outpost in Korea, I received a letter from my father saying that the War Department had notified him that my brother had been killed in action. He sent the address of his burial place, a cemetery a day's trek from my station. Between the lines, I read my father's urgent desire that I make one last gesture and go to see my brother's final resting place.

I went. I viewed the long lines of crosses marking the valorous dead. Next to me as I gazed on my brother's cross stood an elderly lady. She was reading the inscription under a Jewish Star of David that marked the grave of her dear one.

Then her eyes lifted to view the row after row of crosses, and she whispered, "I always knew my son kept good company—even in death." Henry Mayover.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Harlan Cleveland, Gerald J. Mangone,
and John Clarke Adams
*Condensed from "The Overseas Americans"**

The Americans and the Natives

*U.S. citizens living abroad
must learn that the American
way isn't everyone's way*

THE AMERICAN who goes abroad expects things to be different. He knows that there will be unusual scenery, curious garb, a strange tongue. He may even be ready to put up with a few serious inconveniences.

But what creates so much trouble between Americans and "foreigners" is a feeling of inadequacy that comes from not knowing quite how to act among strangers who seem to know just how to act. The American overseas is likely to feel as if he had wandered through the looking glass. "In using a saw, we push but they pull," said an American professor in Japan.

The sum of sudden jolts that await the unwary American abroad produces a kind of "culture shock." Kalervo Oberg, an anthropologist working in Brazil, puts it this way. "Culture shock results from losing all our familiar symbols of social intercourse. These cues include the



thousand and one ways in which we approach daily situations: when to shake hands and what to say when we meet people, when and how to give tips, how to make purchases, when to accept and when to refuse invitations, when to take statements seriously and when not. These cues may be words, gestures, facial expressions, or customs. They are acquired by all of us in the course of growing up and are as much a part of us as the language we speak. We all depend on hundreds of these cues, most of which we follow unconsciously.

"Now, when you enter a strange culture, most of these familiar cues are removed. You're like a fish out of water. No matter how much good will you may have, a series of props have been knocked out from under

*© 1960 by the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc. 330 W. 42nd St., New York City 36, and reprinted with permission. 316 pp. \$5.95.

you. You get a feeling of frustration and anxiety.

"People react to the frustration in much the same way. First, they reject the environment which causes the discomfort: 'the ways of the foreign country are bad because they make us feel bad.' When Americans or other foreigners in a strange land get together to grouse about the host country and its people, you can be sure they are suffering from culture shock. To an American, everything American becomes irrationally glorified. All the difficulties and problems are forgotten and only the good things 'back home' are remembered.

"Such persons show their anxiety by excessive washing of hands; excessive concern over drinking water, food, dishes, and bedding; fear of physical contact with 'foreigners'; a feeling of helplessness; dependence on long-term residents of one's own nationality; fits of anger over minor frustrations; excessive fear of being cheated, robbed, or injured; great concern over minor illnesses or pains. Last of all, there is that terrible longing to be back home, to have a good cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie, to walk into that corner drugstore, to visit one's relatives, and, in general, to talk to people who really make sense."

The problem is a big one. There are now about 1.5 million Americans who make their living abroad.

Some overseas Americans feel that the way to overcome culture shock is to forget America and melt into

the new culture. Many GI's settled down in Japan after the 2nd World War and the Korean War. They formed, too hastily, friendships that were often too intense to be lasting. In India there are Americans who profess an exaggerated admiration for everything Indian. Their wives wear saris, their homes take on a native air, they are always comparing American culture unfavorably with the Indian.

Such people want, quite simply, to belong. They are prepared to pay what they think is the price of belonging: the rejection of their own background as Americans. When they find that they cannot pass as Japanese, Indians, or Arabs, when they realize they will always be outside looking in, they may turn their resentment back on the "foreigners."

Other Americans never do learn to adjust. They do not even try, for they are too busy urging others to follow American ways.

An American construction foreman can't see much difference between shiftlessness and a tradition of midday relaxation. "Look at those guys out the window there. They haven't moved a muscle for 20 minutes." To the mad dogs and Englishmen who traditionally go out in the noonday sun, a good many hard-working Americans must now be added.

There is the self-confident driver of an oversized car who complains, "These people around here are about 50 years behind the times; they don't

even know enough to get out of the way of a car." He solves the problem by shouting to the "stupid" peasants at the top of his voice—in English, of course.

The cheerful assumption that "American" is a synonym for "best" is still hard for America's foreign friends to take. The gist of many comments comes down to something like this: "We resent your taking for granted that the highest aspiration for any people is to be like Americans."

Some of the overseas Americans assume that what we have they could have if they would only work a little harder for it: plumbing, electricity, macadam roads, clean houses, pretty hairdos, universal education, freedom of religion, and the right to vote. They are confirmed in that feeling by the often uncritical admiration of Western-educated leaders in the newly developing areas. Many such leaders have the same difficulty in distinguishing between the possessions and the purposes of industrial society.

Father Walter J. Ong, S.J., puts it this way, "Our own great American achievement has somehow become a positive psychological handicap. The U.S. has been a vast and successful working machine for converting into ourselves persons from every nation of the world. We have met the entire human race (provided they came to the U.S.) and have found ourselves able to deal with them successfully. We can make anyone over into

ourselves, but we cannot make ourselves over, even imaginatively, into other people.

"We assume that what we do is never chauvinistic, though what others do may well be. Thus, for British missionaries to teach cricket or Canadian missionaries to teach lacrosse would be chauvinistic, but for American missionaries to teach baseball is merely enabling the benighted natives to be human beings. Fortunately, most overseas Americans neither go native nor remain blissfully unaware of the relativity of the American Way. With more or less clashing of psychic gears, they do somehow adjust."

A sales engineer in Japan says, "Yes, we do have trouble with the Japanese sometimes, especially in regard to time. We'll make an appointment for 2 o'clock sharp, and to them it's no appointment at all. Or we'll call up and say, 'Well, we might drop around if it's convenient' and stuff like that, and they make a lot of polite noises and we'll think we have an appointment. We want to be specific and they're not specific."

The world is strewn with the wreckage of collisions like this between the American and other cultures.

If an American is invited to an 8 o'clock dinner, the chances are he will arrange to get there about 15 minutes after 8. His Scandinavian friend will have arrived on the dot of 8, very likely carrying a gift. A Latin may politely come to the same

dinner at 9; some Ethiopians might come even later. A Javanese, having courteously accepted the invitation in order to avoid any loss of face on the host's part, may not show up at all.

"Time, in this country, is of no importance," said an official of the U.S. embassy in Addis Ababa. "If you have an appointment at 5 you might as well show up at 6 because they're going to keep you waiting an hour anyway, and they won't even think anything of it."

A common complaint among overseas Americans is that it takes so much longer to get anything done than it does at home.

"Things don't go along here quite the way they do in the States—that is, bang, bang, bang," said an American banker in Japan. "It takes time, yet many of us come out here allowing ourselves one week. We end up not accomplishing anything. You meet for tea and you talk vaguely about what your business is, and then you meet again about a week later. Still you don't get anything accomplished. Maybe at the third meeting you sign a contract or you get your order."

Even in Europe the pace often seems maddeningly slow; in Asia, Africa, and Latin America it is far more so. Americans must swallow their impatience or risk not doing any business at all. Many a delicate negotiation, nursed by a local office for a long time, has been scuttled by the arrival of some hard-driving exec-

utive sent out by the home office to "get things moving."

From the point of view of the natives, the time was not being "wasted"; it was being used to develop the trust on which a viable business deal depends. The lunches, geisha parties, and country weekends that punctuate a sales discussion in Japan are a way of "getting to know you, getting to know all about you," as the teacher sings in *The King and I*. A Japanese businessman inquired in genuine perplexity, "Unless the American with whom I am dealing gets to know me, how does he know whether I mean what I say? For that matter," he added, "unless I know him rather well, how do I know whether to say what I mean?"

For many American overseas businessmen "time is money," and this equation makes trouble for them all over the world.

Americans by the thousands have had to learn by embarrassing experience about the "Oriental Yes"—the one that means Yes, or Maybe, or No, depending on the circumstances. "These people will look you straight in the eye and lie in their teeth," said one American.

"In the East, to say No is very rare," said an Asian politician with a flair for American slang. "The greatest crime is not to say an untruth, but to hurt the other guy." In some of the languages of Asia, the word for No is almost never used or is the same as the word for Yes.

An American investigating the mysteries of Indonesian culture reports this revealing exchange: "Do you mean to tell me," said an American, "that you say the same word whether you mean No or Yes?" "Certainly," was the reply, "If I mean No, I will say Yes with my mouth and No with my face—or with my actions later on."

There are also examples of the "Oriental Yes" in reverse. An ICA official in Japan said, "You know, it's a funny thing about the Japanese. They'll think things are all set when we tell them we are going to 'take it under advisement.' They don't realize that we mean No."

The American is not likely to accomplish what he intends to by being his straightforward self. Easy familiarity is an American trait. The shock of adjustment begins when the American overseas suddenly realizes that getting familiar is not regarded by most of the world's peoples as the equivalent of getting friendly.

In America it is a sign of trust to look a man in the eye. In Japan it is more polite to avert your gaze while talking. To an American, a firm handshake is a sign of friendship. But to many peoples of other cultures, the very physical contact in shaking hands seems an unnatural form of intimacy.

Americans are often baffled because they cannot lean out of a car window and with a word or two get explicit directions from a peasant in the road. They don't know that they

should beat around the bush a bit, that the peasant in his turn is expected to put his head on one side, scratch an ear, exhale through his teeth, and make two or three false starts—even if he understands. It would not be polite for him to say so right away; that would indicate that the question had been too simple to be worth asking, and the questioner would thereby lose face.

If you tell an American he is open, direct, straightforward, approachable, he will feel complimented. But even on our own continent an Indian or Mexican may regard these same attributes as signs of weakness, marks of the untrustworthy. One Mexican put it this way, "The popular language reflects the idea of defending ourselves against the outside; the idea of 'manliness' consists in never 'opening ourselves.'"

"Those that 'open' themselves are cowards. For ourselves, to open oneself is a weakness or treachery. The Mexican can give in, humiliate himself, lower himself, but never *open* himself; that is, allow the outside world to penetrate his intimate being."

In Indonesia, a middle-class Javanese boy wanted to marry an upper-class girl. To discuss the matter, the boy's mother went to the girl's house for tea with her mother. With the tea a banana was served—a most unusual procedure. When the tea was over, the middle-class mother took her leave, without having mentioned the subject of the marriage. She had

read the sign: just as bananas do not go with tea, so her son was not regarded as an appropriate mate for the upper-class daughter. Since nobody had mentioned marriage, nobody lost face when the No answer was given by indirection.

How many Americans would have read the sign? Is it not more likely that the average American would have picked up the banana and started to peel it while he raised the subject of the wedding date?

Americans are taught from early youth that clear thinking and lucid explanations are very important. We believe that all men have similar rights and obligations. A man-to-man mutuality is better, we think, than any ruler-subject relationship. Many American parents try to be pals to their children, and the best thing that can be said of a public figure is that he acts like an ordinary person. Defined protocol and elaborate formalities are regarded in the U.S. as vaguely un-American.

Other peoples start from different premises. Clarity and logic are less appreciated in some societies than they are in the U.S. Equality is often regarded as a social vice, not a virtue. Informality is positively offensive in cultures that set great store by elaborate formalities.

Our assumption that all men are equal gets us into trouble in organizing work overseas. We regard a man as admirable not so much for what he is, but for what he can do. Moreover, we think that a man should

be willing to do any kind of job required by the common good; work itself is honorable. But these ideas which have worked so well in taming the American frontier are somehow out of place where rigid lines of caste, rank, and specialized function are the rule.

"If you put a truck driver back to wielding a shovel, he will feel that it is a disgrace," said an American construction man in Iran.

Said an executive of the Near East foundation, "Out here in the field you often have to set up different kinds of meals for different kinds of people. It's difficult for Americans, including me, to accept that. You have to avoid offending upper-class people who want to be treated differently."

In the Japanese and some other languages, there are different forms for talking to different levels of people. One young American lawyer who married an American girl in Tokyo found that, to his bride's distress, he had to stop addressing her as an equal. When they were with Japanese friends, he had to "kick her around with rough language," and she was expected to address him with elaborate respect.

An American importer in Japan explained, "In America, in selling, youth is good. Here a little gray hair makes a great impression. Many times when I go out to make a business call, I take a very senior Japanese or an older American whose job often is just to smile and nod.

He may not know anything about what we are doing.

"All he has to do is sit like an old bullfrog and just grunt and make an impression. Japanese are also great respecters of scholarship. The more degrees one has the better. We have a very senior German on our staff,

and really his main function is just being around and having his degree. He really impresses the Japanese!"

One elderly American in Tokyo described with a tolerant twinkle how he is often asked, "Mr. T., will you come along with me? We want to use your face to talk on."

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

Sometimes it happens on a job. Time goes by and you begin to get into a rut. This was happening to me when my secretary's husband called on me. He had just been graduated from college. I didn't have a job for him, but he thought I might know someone who could give him a lead.

"This isn't a big town," I told him. "Opportunity is pretty rare." My pessimism didn't dampen his spirit, nor did his optimism change my stick-in-the-mud attitude. He left, and I promptly forgot him.

But his wife's presence in the office reminded me of my promise. Without much hope, I made a phone call. No job, but I did get a suggestion to call another person. So I made the second call. This yielded a possible lead, and it also reminded me of another lead I had heard about the week before. Warming to the job, I was about to make a third phone call when my first contact called me; he had recalled a definite job prospect. I began to get interested.

The mind works in strange ways. As I grew more interested in the problem, I had more ideas. I invited several businessmen to lunch, and mentioned the young man. As my eagerness infected them, they began to come up with ideas. When I left the office that evening, I handed my secretary two definite prospects.

I was feeling pretty good about the whole business as I told the story to my wife. Then I realized, "If all these opportunities are available, maybe this is a chance for me to get out of that rut!"

I started thinking of myself as a job-seeker.

I took a good hard look at my own position. The more I thought of the company, the more it seemed a place where I could do some good. There is one thing my company could be doing that it wasn't. Why hadn't I thought of it before?

Right now, I'm about to spring the new idea on the boss. I don't know whether he'll like it or not. I feel like a college kid on his way to find a new job: a little excited, a little scared, but optimistic. For the first time in months, I feel eager to get to the office tomorrow morning. And all because (reluctantly, I admit) I tried to do someone a good turn.

James J. Kelly.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Don't Be Bored!

Fortunately there's something you can do about that public enemy that takes the joy out of life

EVERYBODY hates to be bored. Even mild boredom is decidedly unpleasant. When it becomes acute, people will do almost anything to escape it. Possibly you have never thought of boredom as dangerous, but it can be. Sociologists say that it can make people run away from home, drink or gamble excessively, or go in for other forms of antisocial behavior.

Most of us have only a hazy notion of what boredom is, how it affects us, or how to cope with it. We only know that it takes the fun out of life.

What is boredom?

Dr. David Harold Fink, a psychiatrist, defines it as "a state of mental and emotional tension which occurs when what we are doing lacks sufficient motivation or purpose." Boredom may stem simply from monotonous, repetitive activity; it may also result from inner frustration or personality conflict.

Studies at Baker university show that "bored feelings" almost always follow an emotional spree. Dr. Fink finds that people who frequently



complain of being bored tend to be lacking in emotional stability. Another finding is that boredom is exhausting. Half an hour of acute boredom can soak up more nervous energy than half a day's hard work.

Does boredom affect our ability to think?

It plays havoc with it. Studies conducted at McGill university show that boredom changes a person's brain-wave pattern, interferes with his ability to reason, and affects his judgment. So if you've got an important job to do or a critical decision to make don't tackle it when you're feeling bored—because your mental efficiency during such periods is way below par.

Does boredom have anything to do with our ability to see?

Yes. The McGill experiments showed that boredom impairs visual perception, hampering ability to perceive detail and judge distance properly. The experiments showed that when boredom becomes sufficiently acute, vision is not only disturbed, but hallucinations occur: the individual "sees" things which are not there. Other investigations show that hallucinations produced by boredom are fairly common among long-distance truck drivers, who, after long hours at the wheel, may see phantom objects flitting across the landscape, or "things" appearing to crawl over the windshield. Indeed, the tricks boredom can play on our visual processes are believed to be responsible for many unexplained accidents.

Most people think that boredom makes the time pass more slowly. Is this true?

It's frequently the other way around. In tests conducted at the University of California, men and women were subjected to conditions producing extreme boredom. It was found that time passes more slowly for most persons during the first few minutes of boredom, but that time then seems to go by *faster* than normally. (This was found to be the case with 87% of the persons tested.)

Is it true that some persons never get bored?

No. But University of California studies show that some persons have

an extremely high resistance to boredom; others get bored easily. Psychologists devised the most boring tasks imaginable, then had subjects perform them until they simply couldn't or wouldn't continue. Some subjects reached the "saturation point" in as little as two minutes; others lasted out as long as 44 minutes.

Children were found to be far more subject to boredom than grown-ups are.

Does everyone get bored by monotonous, repetitive work?

No. Many people thrive on it. Studies conducted by Britain's Manchester university show that whether repetition bores you or not depends on your intelligence. In tests, people with limited intelligence did not find repetitious work monotonous; but people of higher IQ's were bored stiff by it. Conclusion of the investigators: the brainier a person is, the more quickly he is bored by routine.

If you find repetitive work monotonous, is there anything you can do about it?

Yes. The routine of everyday living—and many jobs—involve doing the same things over and over again. If this gets you down, take a tip from the findings of the University of California investigators. Their tests showed that routine tasks can be relieved of their monotony if rhythm can be introduced into the work. (If you're a housewife, try performing

daily chores rhythmically to music. You'll be surprised at the difference it makes.)

What if you're chronically bored?

Then your life must be lacking in incentive and purpose. It's time you took careful inventory of yourself, with a view to cultivating broader and more satisfying interests. Go after more rewarding goals. If you're bored with your work, it's more than likely that your job doesn't require full use of your capabilities. Get a job that's on a par with your abilities and you won't be bored with it.

What can you do when afflicted with the common kind of boredom which affects us all now and then?



PICTURED: Here on the beach of now, gazing out at the tides of then. *Richard Sherman . . . Lightning hunting and pecking. Robert Brault . . . Sea advancing in little intimidating rushes. F. Scott Fitzgerald . . . Clouds parting to air the earth. Boris Pasternak . . . Tugs arguing with the fog. Mary C. Dorsey . . . Old brick fort guarding the past. Mrs. Deane Binder*

Don't try to fight against it. Struggling simply increases the physical and nervous tension which invariably goes hand in hand with boredom. Dr. Fink's studies, as well as those of other authorities, show that it is impossible to be bored without being tense. And the more acute the boredom the more the tension increases; that's why boredom plays havoc with your nerves.

On the other hand, it is impossible to feel bored when you are relaxed. Try out this proven principle next time you're bored. Just relax, and let go completely—ease the tension out of your mind and muscles. Even before you're completely relaxed, you'll find that your feeling of boredom is slipping away.

. . . The wheels of the train were square, and the tracks had hiccups. *C. W. Grafton . . . Flag snapping to attention. Robert Brault . . . Quick as a blur. Raymond F. Kelly, M.M.*

PEOPLED: Worried eyes doing sums on the ceiling. *Richard Connell . . . She was stepping on my nerves. Mary T. Downing . . . Watching for a parking place to pass by. Clare Marie Garden.*

PUNNED: She returned brag and baggage. *Mary C. Dorsey . . . "Sweet Adeline": the bottle hymn of the republic. Catherine Cavanaugh . . . A do-or-diet. Robert Brault.*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

By William A. Schumacher
Condensed from "America"*

You and God's Poor

You need the right attitude for effectively performing the corporal works of mercy

COME WITH ME into the homes of the poor, here in the affluent U. S., 1960. Whatever their race or color; whatever their religion or lack of it; whether they speak broken English, sloppy Spanish, or in the heavily accented tones of the Southern hills and fields, all the poor are very much alike.

Climb the steps to the 3rd-floor rear of a tenement, making your way past abandoned baby buggies, old tire casings, and discarded clothing. Be careful to step over gaps where boards are missing from the stairs. (When there are no locks on the doors, removing a few planks from the back steps makes an effective barrier against unwanted visitors to a 3rd-floor flat.) Don't forget to look for the poor living in shacks on the backs of lots occupied by small factories and filling stations. You will find the poor there, too, down that littered path and behind that broken fence, living where you would hardly expect to find anyone at all.

Wherever they live, you will find the poor enveloped in an all-embracing odor: that of unwashed bodies,



moldy clothes, cooking smells, escaping gas, and, in winter, the reek of fuel oil from their stoves. The buildings in which the poor live were put up some 50 to 80 years ago. Time and neglect have brought broken door jambs, sagging floors, peeling walls, leaky pipes, and balky plumbing. Be sure to bring a flashlight if you make your trip at night; it will spare you many a bad fall and embarrassing situation.

Father Schumacher is assistant pastor at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo in Chicago.

*329 W. 108th St., New York City 25. May 28, 1960. © 1960 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

From a natural viewpoint, the poor are not very attractive. Defeated by life, old before their time, they are likely to be suspicious at first acquaintance. When you come to know them better, you will learn that this deep-seated shrewdness is born of years of experience in detecting phonies. Surrounded by crudity, living in the midst of every sort of degradation, accustomed to disease and corruption, grown used to all varieties of sin from childhood, these people cannot be tricked. The effects of original sin are well known to the poor; the weaknesses and shortcomings of human nature are drilled into them every day of their lives. Hammer blows of human cruelty and selfishness have fallen on their hearts, uncushioned by the conventions that protect the rest of us.

These, then, are the poor. These are the people we must love if we are to love God. But what is lovable about them? Only the image of God in their souls is an adequate object of true charity. The whole difficulty lies in seeing his image in such a place. We are told that God is Goodness, Truth, and Beauty. His image is hard to find in those whose lives are choked with evil, lies, and ugliness.

Only the acceptance of God's word that these are, indeed, his beloved children and the brothers of his Son—only such faith makes this kind of love possible.

The love of God in his own poor can never be manifested merely by

writing a check, even for those whom we have come to know. What young lady would take a lover seriously who made his proposal by mail, money order enclosed? If we claim to love the poor, it must be with the qualities of a lover: a burning personal interest in their happiness both here and hereafter, a concern for their welfare in every sense, a compassion for their weaknesses, an understanding of their all too human frailties.

It would be easy to love the poor if they would respond in kind; it is very difficult to offer love to those who take it for granted and spit in your eye. Yet only this kind of love is worthy to be called Christian charity, since Christ loves us in this way.

The poor are shrewd, and all our well-meaning compassion will be rejected as sham unless it is backed up by self-sacrifice. The ultimate test of love is the willingness to put oneself out: in time, convenience, and cold cash until it hurts. The poor are realists; they know from bitter experience that pious words do not put food in children's mouths.

But if merely writing a check is not enough, how then are we to love the poor? Did you ever think of learning about a poor family and then visiting them, literally feeding and clothing them? Such an experience can teach you more about poverty than all the sociology books ever written.

Could you pick up a poor expectant mother and drive her to the prenatal clinic, saving her a long walk

in the cold? Could you visit some of the most pathetic poor people of all, the old ones whose lives are leaking away in dark, forgotten rooms, surrounded by pitiful relics of a lifetime of suffering? Could you stomach a trip to a county hospital, to an old people's home, to a Catholic hospital for unmarried mothers? I don't mean just a visit, a tour of inspection, but hours of heart-rending suffering, just sitting there and listening to the sick poor pour out the tragedy of their lives. Would you have the love and patience necessary to teach catechism to a child not quite mentally deficient enough to be in an institution?

Only one who has done these

works of mercy can know what bittersweet experiences they can be, how a very understandable natural loathing can be turned into a spiritual joy by the alchemy of God's grace.

Loving the poor is not something optional for a Christian; it is the very essence of his faith, and it makes sense only in the light of that faith. It is easy to love lepers in Asia, when someone else changes their bandages; it is easy to love orphans in our own city, when devoted Sisters care for them day and night. But it is awkward, it is sometimes embarrassing, it can be repulsive, it can make you uncomfortable to think about really and truly loving the poor in person.



IN OUR HOUSE

We had just moved into our new house, and a neighbor couple dutifully came around to welcome us to the suburb. My wife, whose hair and clothes were in a mess, fled to the bedroom, asking little Bobby to answer the door and usher the guests into the living room.

He did as he was told, then sat there in some embarrassment, trying to think of some small talk to keep the conversation going. Presently, seeing the visitors glancing around the room, he said, "Well, what do you think of our stuff, anyway?"

S. Gudge.



Four-year-old Linda was having a hard time saying the Lord's Prayer. She kept stumbling over *trespasses* and *temptation*, and the older children started teasing.

"You keep saying *tespasses* and *tentation*," one remarked with a superior air.

"I wasn't saying it to you anyway," Linda replied with dignity. "I was saying it to God, and He knows what I mean."

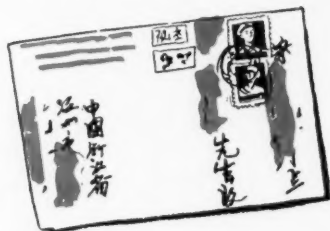
V. D. Palat.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Richard L. Walker
Condensed from the "New Leader"*

Letters From Red China

*"Many people have died
without coffins"*



FAMINE in mainland China reached tragic proportions by the early months of 1960. In some communes the ration for laborers is down to less than three ounces of rice a day. Some peasants are eating bark, roots, and weeds.

Five thousand refugees a month pour into Macao and Hong Kong. They tell of children crying with hunger and being fed fodder intended for animals. Many claim that old people suffering from malnutrition are not admitted to hospitals. One refugee family with five children had had under 15 pounds of rice the whole previous month.

The Chinese were going hungry at the very time the Red regime was announcing new records in food production, and stepping up food exports. More than 70% of China's \$2 billion worth of exports to the USSR is food, especially rice and pork.

There are other important reasons for the famine. These include drought and floods; government

neglect of the fertilizer industry during its doctrinaire concentration on heavy industry and armaments; inadequate storage; and breakdowns in the overloaded transportation system.

But by far the most important reason for the famine is the almost incredible persistence of the Chinese communists in following Stalinist orthodoxy with the peasants. Collectivization has been an abysmal failure wherever it has been tried. Next to his speech on the crimes of Stalin, perhaps the most significant speech Khrushchev has ever made was in September, 1953, when he revealed that farm collectivization in the USSR had failed to raise production significantly. Later, in 1958, when the Chinese announced plans for people's communes, Khrushchev remarked that communes had been

Dr. Walker is chairman of the department of international studies at the University of South Carolina. He is the author of several books on communist China.

*7 E. 15th St., New York City 3. Special Supplement, May 30, 1960. © 1960 by the American Labor Conference on International Affairs, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

tried in the Soviet Union, but had not worked.

In China, where the margin of subsistence is so narrow, the loss of incentive, the inefficiency of large-gang labor, the lack of peasant identification with the land, and the subordination of agricultural know-how to political reliability in selecting farm managers—all these made intense collectivization not only stupid but tragic.

Many peasants slaughtered their pigs and disposed of their assets before joining the communes. Passive resistance and the excesses of local communists led the government to call for readjustment in December, 1958.

During the "tidying up" period some of the more regimented forms of life were allowed to disappear. In the spring and summer of 1959 the rulers allowed abandonment of many common mess halls and a return to family living.

But this did not mean any real improvement in the lot of the peasants. The communes enforced graded rations and a work point system based on labor performed. Commune members were supposed to receive wages from which they were expected to pay for additional rations, medical attention, schooling, haircuts, and tobacco. But frequently the peasants went for months without pay.

The Chinese peasants faced still other difficulties. During a frenzied drive to produce pig iron, practically

anything made of metal had been seized as scrap. Many families found themselves without cooking utensils once the common mess halls were disbanded last summer.

In August, 1959, the communists reverted to their former regimentation. They have been caught in a vicious circle. Peasant resistance to controls expresses itself in apathy and decreasing effort. Less food means that the state must confiscate a larger share of the total output for the growing cities. This means more controls. Yet more controls promise only lower productivity, for which the regime can seem to find only one answer: still further controls.

The tragedy of the famine—its meaning at the personal, human level—is reflected in letters written by the Chinese to their relatives and friends overseas. Chinese are usually hesitant to make such intimate materials available to others. They have passed these letters on to me only because they wish other people to learn the fate of their people. The letters published here are a selection from more than 100, covering seven months beginning in July, 1959.

Dear Son: Recent difficulties are out of the ordinary. In March and April the village had food rationing. At each meal the children receive one and one-half ounces of rice and adults two and one-half ounces. Men may have money, but they starve. Not only is food rationed, but some food and daily necessities can-

not be bought. Under this last-gasp situation I have decided to go to Canton temporarily. . . . Don't listen to rumors that for commune supplies and food money is not needed. This is not so. Actually, money is needed. If I say too much, I may get into trouble.

Mother.

Elder Brother in America: Since last September we have had food rationing. I am hungry, skinny, and sick all the time. Our grandchildren are increasing in number. Their fathers work in the fields or mountains all day. They don't have enough food for themselves. How can they look after me? I don't have the heart to ask them for help. . . . If you were here at home, you could not bear to see the suffering that your grandchildren are going through. It would break your heart. Many people have died without coffins.

Younger Brother.

Dear Uncle: I received the letter and money you sent. How are you, uncle? I hope you are fine.

Uncle, the money you sent me is all gone. In June we had a food shortage. Everyone has to eat grass roots. There is no food for the children. I spent some of the money and bought smuggled food for our children to eat. That is why the money is gone. For this reason we cannot have a memorial service. The remainder I turned over to grandfather. Besides, Cheng-tao is still too young to understand.

Right now our family is enduring bitter troubles. Only you, uncle, can help us. Please ask ——— to help too, and tell him our situation. Chen-sung is without a coffin and a grave. Besides, his mother has been sick for a month and she is old. We do not have a coffin or grave for her. After ——— reads this letter he must answer as soon as possible. . . .

Ho-hua.

Dear Son: I have decided to start my journey to Canton on July 25 or 26, and I will meet the others at the ——— hotel.

The time for departure has been set. I'll meet with the cadres to get a travel permit and a grain ration ticket, or I'll take grain along, otherwise there may be nothing to eat later. Right now there is much corruption in Canton, and you can't buy food. Eating places don't have pork or fresh vegetables, and you can't even buy biscuits or candy.

What a pity that such a good city as Canton has become a place where you have to take your own grain when traveling. It's a pity that food and vegetables have to be eaten with only a bit of soy sauce. In addition, you can't even stay there long. There is no food, and money has no value. There are chickens, each costing more than 20 yuan [about \$8].

(Name omitted).

My Respected Father and Mother: Since I didn't have enough to eat during the period of the first-

stage grain contract, and because of the nutritional deficiencies at that time and for other reasons, I am still very tired and weak. Working in the fields, I sometimes feel that my body just can't stand the pace.

However, as for the present method of distribution in the commune, we have gone back to the old way; if you don't go out and work, then you don't have any money to go out and get your rations. If you go out to work gritting your teeth to hold back the pain, this is also not good for your health. Hence, it is difficult to do either.

On top of this, the commune has specified in the last few days that the rations per person per year per crop are reduced from the former amount. If this takes place, then it will truly be hard ever to get enough to eat. Only if we receive your overseas remittances and buy a few pounds of rice, enabling us to have reasonable daily provisions of rice, can we ever get enough to eat. How difficult is it for you to send us money?

And this isn't all. After the communes were split up, the cadres in my production brigade again brought up the subject of food eaten up in the past by the immediate dependents and other relatives residing with employees of the commune when the big commune was established. Now we must calculate the value of that food and repay it in cash.

As there were four people in my

house, we have to repay. For each month, we must repay a total of about 24 yuan. We must repay for the period beginning with April, 1959, according to the Western calendar. Calculating to the present, we must repay a total of about 100 yuan. If we don't repay in cash, we still must have rations. Such an immense sum of money! How can I ever raise it? I tell you this especially in the hope that my two parents can help me solve this dilemma!

Mother, your elder brother's wife came over to our house a couple of days ago and we talked for a while. We talked about cousin Chia-ts'ung's recent engagement to a girl from San-chia village. They are planning to get married this year in August or September by the lunar calendar, but there is no way for your sister-in-law's family to raise the proper betrothal money, so she has asked me to pass the word on to you and hopes that you might be able to give her some money to help her to complete this joyful occasion. I took the opportunity to convey your congratulations to the couple.

May your precious health remain hearty and vigorous.

Respectfully sent by your ignorant daughter.

Ching-chang.

Dear Son-in-law and Granddaughters: I wish to thank you all for sending me the 41 yuan on the 18th of August. In return I wish you all, young and old, good health. With the remittance certificate I

went to the rice shop and purchased four pounds of rice, four ounces of oil, and half a pound of sugar; without the remittance certificate I would not have been allowed to buy these extra foods. This is a special privilege given to family members of Overseas Chinese when they receive remittances from overseas.

Your father is getting old; I hope you girls will be good to him and respect him. I am well here at home.

Your Grandmother.

[Enclosed note to grandson: 'Just received notification that 41 yuan had been sent to me by ----, ---- and ----. I did not receive the real money, only a notification with the three senders' names.']

Dear Aunt and Uncle: How are you? The pressed oats sent by you were received. Grandpa went to the Customs House without a penny in his pocket and so couldn't take the bag out because delivery required almost two yuan. He was irritated, and proposed the bag be turned back. We didn't know about it until he came home. Actually nothing was wrong. You don't have to worry.

Whenever Niu-nu and Niu-mei come back, grandpa wants them to buy several pounds of pork and some flour. We are short of food. Grandpa has only four ounces of rice per day; each person has only two ounces of edible oil per month. So, when they return, make sure to tell them to bring food home. . . .

Your Nephew.

Dear Brother: Allow me to first speak of the problems of the country in the past year. The first half of the year we believe you are familiar with. After the Great Leap Forward the country had many problems. An important one concerned daily necessities and supplementary foodstuffs and grain. There is quite a distinction in the living standards of peasants and workers who have been released from the communes.

Speaking of food, on the Canton black market chickens cost over 10 yuan per pound, green vegetables do not equal the demand, and at times pork has not been in the market for several months.

Recently, one needs a certificate to buy anything. Each family has one purchase certificate and each person may buy one piece of soap, half a pound of crackers, and six ounces of sugar each month. If things should appear in the market which do not require a purchase certificate, people fight to buy, and lines are long. Although some people come from a great distance, when they see a line, even though the line is long, they stand and wait to see if they can buy anything.

Several factories, because materials are short after the Great Leap Forward, halted work. In the market when valuable things were put out, they were bought up immediately. Even in Canton chickens are hard to come by. Recently, Canton people have had money, but what about the rural areas? In the villages

a peasant receives less than one yuan a day for his labor. The middle-class labor rate is half a yuan. If a household of several persons relies on two persons, how can it manage?

Although things are cheaper in the villages, the situation is quite different from the cities. Our home has a total of three laborers. There is no one who does not work in our home. Each month the labor of all of us is barely able to sustain us at a minimum level. At the same time work in the agricultural villages is hard. But in Canton the living condition of laborers is different. An unskilled laborer can earn at least 60 yuan per month. This is not comparable to the hardship of those sent out to the villages to labor.

In the agricultural villages communes were established last year. This year they have reached a high level. Between April and May the people of some villages received only two ounces of rice at each meal. Some cadres in the agricultural villages show subjectivism and selfishness. Last year, for example, pork was rationed. Each man received only 12 ounces per month. Moreover, certificates were required to obtain it. There was, however, a party secretary's mother-in-law who did not have a certificate but who was able to buy several pounds of pigs' feet. This explains certain problems.

Recently the supplies in the agricultural villages have been exceptionally short. But the comparatively

influential cadres, who do not require a certificate, can buy whatever is in the store. But what about the masses? These comrades are not so privileged and the situation is the same in Canton.

Basically, the socialist system compared to the capitalist system is superior. The Communist party is a good party. I have always believed this. But with regard to the cadres, with the exception of the central government and provincial-level cadres, there are deficiencies in work. Especially recently the township-level cadres and the agricultural-village cadres have shown subjectivism, little work experience, and cultural limitations. Orders which come from the higher levels are carried out with difficulty.

In addition, the peasants' ideological understanding is not high. Therefore, problems exist. The above situation is the present situation of the country. This is my own observation. When you have read this letter please burn it; do not let others see it. After all, I am a Chinese. The last half year has had some good points but the bad points outnumber them greatly.

Your Younger Brother.

Dear Eldest Sister: Do you still want to take care of one daughter for me? If you do, I will give you one. Please let me hear your final word on this matter. What procedures must she go through to leave for your place?

Please tell me in detail so that I can hurry up and carry them out and let her come to you as soon as possible. I am most anxious to give one child to you, as the burden on me has to be lightened a little. For your information, my eldest daughter gets only nine pounds of rice a month.

Younger Sister-in-Law.

My Dear Granddaughter: You have gone so far away from home. Now you are in North America. Circumstances have forced you to sacrifice yourself to support us. I am very grateful to you. Unfortunately, your brother is still too young to help.

Most of the time I starve at home. Each day I have only three ounces of rice. Sometimes I would like to buy a few potatoes, but I have no money. Of the money your mother sent, Chin-yu has already spent more than 20 yuan. With everything so expensive it is hard to make a living. Money goes so fast. I have heard that America has been liberated. I do not know whether it is true.

Your Grandmother.

My Dear Husband: Since I still haven't had any reply from you I am quite worried. As a matter of fact, I have been worrying since last September, when food restrictions were put into effect. Because I don't have enough to eat, my body is skin and bones and I have all kinds of sicknesses.

Our sons have their growing families, and they have to go out and work in the fields all day long. Since they do not have enough food for themselves either, it is difficult for them to provide me with anything to eat. Because they have too many children I dare not ask anything from them, so my health has deteriorated to this state. As soon as you receive this letter, by all means raise some funds and remit them to me so I can buy more food and get medical treatment. I will be very grateful.

If I became very ill and died now, the family would disintegrate like loose sand, and I'm afraid there would be no means to hold a funeral or wind up my affairs.

Our third son has had three children since he married, but he hasn't had enough money to honor the ancestors for this. Altogether we have seven grandsons, but for none of them has there been enough money to celebrate the first month's birthday in honor of the ancestors. You can see clearly the terrible plight of our family.

I am afraid that when I die, the children won't know what to do. Since nowadays no one can even count on having a coffin, how can the children not be worried? The ancients said: "Raise children for support in old age; store grain to guard against famine." But times have changed; today is different from the past. Many people have died without coffins.

Your Wife.

Public-health experts fight new foes

Modern technology is upsetting the balance of nature

THE AIR WE BREATHE, the food we eat, the water and milk we drink—all are matters of growing concern to everyone. The balance of nature is being more upset every day.

Day after day, headlines indicate that the age of the automobile, packaged food, atomic explosions, and insect-killing chemicals may turn out to be a little too much for the human race.

Recently, a new law went into effect that will attempt to control the use in food of chemicals that may damage the public's health. We have just been warned that real danger lurks in air contaminated by automobile-exhaust fumes.

The government recently cut by 60% the permissible limits of radioactivity in food and water. Dairy farmers are on notice that a crack-down is coming on the use of penicillin to combat disease in dairy cattle, because the penicillin sometimes gets into milk and can be dangerous.

What it boils down to is that man, in developing the technology of



modern living, has taken many steps that disturb the balance of nature. Exhaust fumes are only one such counterweight. Growing population and expanding industry put a heavier load on the nation's rivers, which both carry away sewage and furnish drinking water. Foods are chemically preserved, colored, and flavored, and then packaged in containers chemically produced.

People are crowded into cities, eat packaged meals, drink water from taps, breathe air that is never really fresh. Uncle Sam is becoming a bit alarmed.

Right now auto fumes are a major concern. Researchers at the U. S. Public Health service laboratory in Cincinnati, where air-pollution study is centered, are winding up a

*2300 N St., N.W., Washington 7, D.C. March 14, 1960. © 1960 by U. S. News Publishing Corp., and reprinted with permission.

project to determine the amount of "benzo-a-pyrene" in the air at 140 locations across the U.S.

Benzo-a-pyrene is known to cause cancer in test animals. It is one of the common chemicals found in auto-exhaust fumes.

Medical researchers at the government's National Cancer institute in Washington are completing a companion study testing the harmful effects on test animals of chemicals found in auto fumes.

The auto industry has developed a device that cuts down on chemicals in auto fumes. It plans to make the device standard equipment on all cars sold in California, starting in 1961.

The new device eliminates blow-by fumes, those that seep into the crankcase from the engine and then escape into the air. It does this by constantly circulating the fumes from the crankcase back to the engine to be burned. An industry spokesman has told Congress the device probably would cost under \$10 if put on new cars at the factory, and between \$15 and \$20 on cars already in use.

Exhaust, experts say, is just one of the unsolved problems of air pollution caused by the burning of everything from trash to fuels by homes and industry. And air pollution is just another worry in a series that has cropped up in recent weeks and months. Many involve the possibility that chemicals finding their way into the human body through water,

food, and air may be a big factor in the widespread prevalence of cancer.

The worry over cancer broke into headlines with the great cranberry scare just before Thanksgiving. A weed-killing chemical used in cranberry bogs was the culprit. As it turned out, only a small portion of the cranberry crop was contaminated. It was pointed out, too, that a person would have to eat huge quantities of cranberries every day to suffer harm.

Still, fear that cancer-causing chemicals may be finding their way into the human body in significant amounts has not subsided. The representative of a homemakers' organization appeared before a Congressional committee considering a new law governing use of coal-tar colors in lipsticks, candy, and other items. She was asked if she knew that a woman would have to swallow the equivalent of 100 lipsticks a day to get the amount of one coal-tar color that had proved harmful when fed to rats.

She replied, "I believe that many, many of these color additives and various chemicals which are being used not only in our lipsticks but in our food today might be cumulative in the system, and it is not just that little bit that we use today that may be harmful. Just think what happens to a body when you get a conglomeration of all these chemicals."

The Food and Drug administration is cracking down on cancer-causing chemicals in food under a

1958 amendment to the Pure Food and Drug act. Another 1958 amendment set up the law covering all food additives that went into effect on March 6. Under this law, industry must prove that chemical additives used in foods either are absolutely not harmful or not in the amounts used.

Another worry for government officials is that of radioactive materials, such as strontium 90, getting into food and water because of fallout from atomic tests. This problem now is getting deep study. Limits consid-

ered safe have been reduced from 80 units to 33 units, or by 60%. How to bring foods with more than this limit down to levels considered safe is one of the questions needing an answer. Simple things, such as washing and peeling, or removing outside leaves from vegetables such as lettuce, are helpful.

Scientists working with all these problems say many more worries are just over the horizon. One scientist terms the problem of living in today's world as "a fight to keep from stewing in our own juice."



IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

• Joe Anthony never knew his father or mother. His earliest memory is the orphanage at Seoul, Korea, that was "home" to him for the first few years of his life. Then the communists came, and there were bombs and shells and blood everywhere, and there seemed no place for him to go. Nowhere, he thought, except America, and he determined to reach that wonderful country whose soldiers were so good to him. Read how high-ranking officers risked their careers—and their lives—to make his dream come true. The first installment of a full-length book, *The Rascal and the Pilgrim*, by Joe himself, condensed especially for you.

• People in Santa Fe, Albuquerque, small towns, and Indian pueblos will ask a New Mexico visitor, "Do you know Father Angélico?" The man they are talking about is one of New Mexico's most remarkable sons. The story of Fray Angélico Chavez, poet, historian, painter, and ghost-town missionary, is a modern legend from "the land of sorrow and dream."

• America's forgotten men are the soldiers still manning the outposts along Korea's dreary truce line. The Red Cross hasn't forgotten them, though. Read how the "Doughnut Dollies" bring memories of the girl next door to lonely GI's far from home.

• Two years ago a great basketball star turned to a teammate and gasped, "I feel as though I'm going to die." Then he collapsed. Six weeks later he woke up, paralyzed and speechless. A teammate, his court-appointed guardian and self-appointed godfather, was standing by his bed, ready to help him begin the long fight back. Read *Maury and Jack*.

The Cardinal and the City (II)

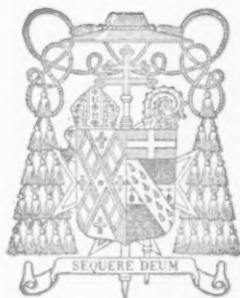
*"Being an archbishop," says Cardinal Spellman,
"is like being a runner in an endless relay race"*

FRANCIS JOSEPH SPELLMAN became Archbishop of New York in the spring of 1939. He succeeded Patrick Cardinal Hayes. He soon showed that his way of operating would be quite different from that of his predecessor.

Greatly beloved through Cardinal Hayes had been among his own flock, the non-Catholics of New York and the nation were scarcely aware of him. Under him, Catholic charities were systematically expanded; he had spoken out vigorously against prohibition; yet few thought of him as one of the civic leaders of New York.

Indeed, for most non-Catholic New Yorkers, the Catholic civic image had been associated with the scandalous conduct of such Tammany politicians as Mayor Jimmy Walker and Sheriff Tom Farley.

Coming to New York from Boston, on the eve of the second great war, Archbishop Spellman was quick



to impress upon the public mind an image much truer to the great body of metropolitan Catholics. He swiftly swam into view as a busy and civic-minded public personality.

He became a familiar fixture at public affairs: Mayor Fiorello La Guar-

dia's receptions at the City Hall for distinguished visitors, trade-association and professional banquets, dedications, and the like. During the war the press of New York and of the nation again and again carried pictures of the cardinal visiting the wounded or going about a priest's duties in some faraway spot.

He came to know presidents and premiers throughout the world. During his war and postwar journeys, he carried out delicate diplomatic missions for Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower.

He has made himself a symbol of the American Catholic in motion—of the Church moving boldly into

*540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. February, 1960. © 1960 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the great mainstream of American life.

While he was thus becoming a world figure, he was also quietly overhauling the administrative machinery of his archdiocese. That his management of its temporal goods would be scrupulous, persistent, and inquisitive was evident from his first action.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of a Catholic hospital over which he was called to preside only a day or two after his installation, the lay president suggested, "In deference to His Excellency, we shall dispense with the minutes."

"Oh, no," the archbishop protested, "let's have the minutes, by all means."

A tremendous task faced him. The weight of the depression still lay on Church finances. Schools, hospitals, and other institutions under his charge were in need of modernization and enlargement. The archdiocesan debt already was \$28 million. Its further borrowing capacity was inhibited by antiquated, costly practices.

In Catholic administration, a parish is a nominally independent entity. In the pre-Spellman era, any parish was free to negotiate its own mortgage. Church and parochial schools were financed by mortgages bearing from 5% to 6½% interest. In some of the older, dying areas of the city, it was not uncommon to find a parish still struggling to cope with a mortgage more than half a century

old. Yet throughout the depression not one parish or institution had defaulted on a loan.

Cardinal Spellman determined to take advantage of this unflawed record, reorganize the debt structure, and clear the way for rebuilding the Church plant.

During his first four months as archbishop, he made an exhaustive study of the debt situation in every parish. He also made a careful study of the money market. As his ideas took shape, he began to have the bankers in for lunch.

Out of these investigations came a decision to refund the entire parish debt at the archdiocesan level, and to shift the greater part of the debt from real-estate mortgages to commercial paper, which could be had for as little as 2% a year on five-year loans and 2½% for ten years.

Logical as all this may sound, the shift entailed a fairly revolutionary change in the traditional relationship of the archdiocesan authority to the parish.

In the beginning, some pastors were reluctant to have their fiscal autonomy curtailed. They were won over when Cardinal Spellman was able to show that the arrangement he had worked out would reduce the annual cost of the over-all debt service by half to two-thirds. It meant, at the very least, an immediate saving of upwards of \$500,000 a year.

The long-range effect of the change was to make the archdiocese a central bank for the entire parish

system. A priestly colleague was soon to remark admiringly, as he measured the drop in the cost of money, "The boss certainly has a keen appreciation of the interest rate."

As a result of this sweeping reorganization, the chancery now manages the debt service for the entire archdiocese. Because of the continuing drain of the building programs, there is never much idle cash in the diocesan reserves. As a matter of policy, the New York archdiocese tries not to hold income-producing property in the form of stocks and bonds, or commercial real estate. When it comes into a legacy, it converts the property into cash whenever possible.

"We are at our best when we're broke," the cardinal likes to chide his staff.

THE DEBT-REFUNDING operation helped to clear the way for the tremendous construction program that started after the 2nd World War and has continued at an accelerating pace ever since. In 1947, Cardinal Spellman, reasoning that costs were not likely to drop, decided to take advantage of the doldrums in the building trades in order to buy superior work.

The occasion he chose was a lunch at the Hotel Astor, attended by the presidents of some of the largest construction firms in the city, as well as the heads of the local building-trades unions. There the

cardinal outlined the plans for a diocesan building program that would begin with an outlay of \$25 million.

All that was needed to launch that program, he went on, was a guarantee of two things: "From the construction companies, a good job for the price; and from labor, a good day's work for the pay." That day, amid cheers, the guarantees were given: in a matter of days the first contracts were let.

In the intervening decade the cardinal's building program has gathered momentum until the archdiocese is second only to the city government as an institutional generator of construction. Among the more important structures he has raised during this period is a \$5-million high school in White Plains, named for Archbishop Stepinac of Yugoslavia, which accommodates 1,600 pupils. Another for 2,000 pupils and costing \$6 million, which is to be named for the cardinal, is being built in the Bronx.

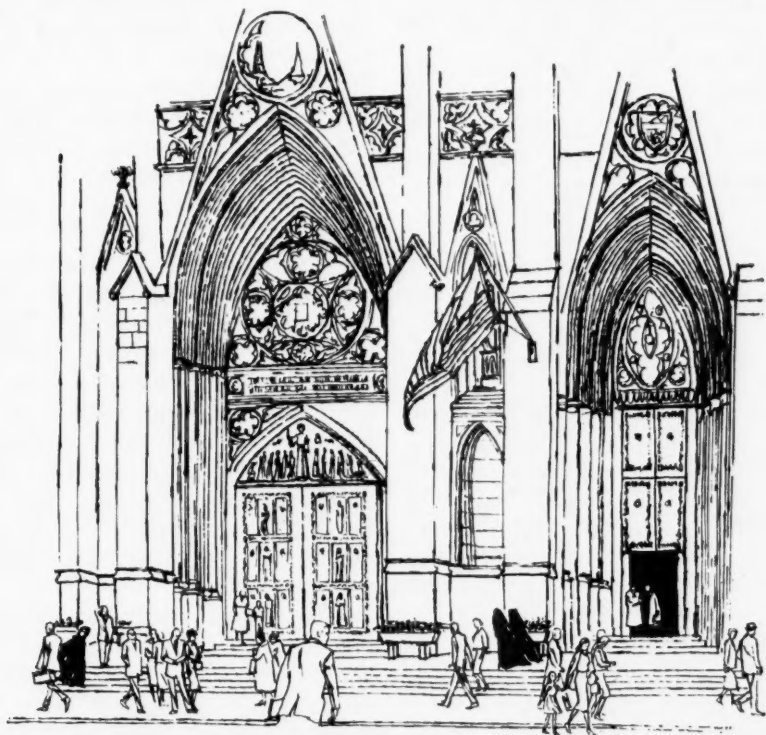
The old New York Foundling hospital on Lexington Ave. and 68th St. has been torn down and replaced by a new \$11-million structure on 3rd Ave., with air-conditioned rooms for some 300 children and a staff of 220 nurses and doctors. About a third of the money to build the new foundling hospital came from the sale of its old site to the developers of Imperial House, a luxury apartment building.

Eight years ago the cardinal acquired a second magnificent prop-

erty from the heirs of Whitelaw Reid, to extend the transaction that had brought the Madison Ave. town house to the Church as a chancery. This was the Reids' country estate, Ophir Hall, in Purchase, N. Y. Cardinal Spellman got it for only \$400,000. On its 250 baronial acres, dominated by a vast manor house, the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart for Catholic girls (which had been in existence for more than a century in upper Manhattan) is now installed, with an enrollment of about 700 students.

A large part of the \$15-million cost was raised through sale of real estate. In one transaction Cardinal Spellman sold the old site of the college to the city for about \$8.8 million.

Cardinal Spellman also consolidated and centralized the insurance coverage of the archdiocese, as well as establishing a central purchasing service, now staffed by 48 persons. This organization buys for all the parishes and institutions—anything from vigil lights to the entire furnishings of schools and hospitals,



and even automobiles (5,000 are in use throughout the archdiocese). Central purchasing service saves about \$1 million a year on an expenditure of \$14 million.

THESE VARIOUS operations, huge by ecclesiastical standards, all testify to a remarkable capacity for organization. And the remarkable fact about this capacity is that its possessor appears to be singularly lacking in the externals expected in the secular executive. He is only a few inches taller than five feet; his presence is not commanding. His face, unseamed by traces of strain, is suffused with a pinkish glow and merges indistinguishably above pale blue eyes into a pink skull encircled by a fringe of white hair.

At meetings or in private discussion, the cardinal seldom gives the impression of being hurried, or impatient, or even particularly concerned about the outcome. On the contrary, the mood that perpetually invests him is one of serene cheerfulness.

Of his administrative principles he says, "My practice is to let important matters be handled by people smarter than I am. Whenever I delegate responsibility and go away, I have no right to complain about the result. Still, were I to return and find that one of my staff had sold the cathedral, then I imagine I'd be extremely displeased."

A prominent Catholic Wall Streeter who has worked closely

with the cardinal for many years said, "There's nothing abstract about the cardinal. He tells you exactly what he wants and then lets you do it."

The broad policies of the archdiocese are developed through a Board of Consultors, composed of six auxiliary bishops and 12 other priests who represent, each in his parish, the varying situations of the Catholic community. With Cardinal Spellman presiding, the consultors meet about ten times a year. In a session that may last the entire day, they review the building program, the operations of Catholic charities, and diocesan finances.

Otherwise, these matters are handled on a day-to-day basis by a small but strikingly competent staff of specialists at the chancery, whom the cardinal supervises with apparent casualness.

Yet, preoccupied as he has been with administration, Cardinal Spellman nevertheless realizes, as does every churchman, that the essential work of religion, the care of souls, is the work of the parish priest. That is true whether the priest's parish church is a bright neocolonial church in a flourishing suburb or a sagging, forlorn, Victorian-Gothic structure in the slums. It is he who reaches the individual.

The cardinal's solicitude hovers over the affairs of Dunwoodie seminary, from whose study halls, set amid pleasantly wooded acres in Yonkers, the archdiocese replenishes

the ranks of its priests. In recent years, buildings have been augmented. Whenever important Church dignitaries come to New York from other countries, he insists on their inspecting the seminary with him. "Without new priests," he says, "the Church will die."

In much of what he does, and especially in his concern with business details, can be discerned a dogged effort to lighten and to make more effective the parochial duties of his priests.

"IF ANYONE had told me when I came to New York," Cardinal Spellman recently remarked, "that there were places in my archdiocese that I would never see, I'd have felt maligned." The fact is that there are some among his 401 parishes that have never seen the cardinal.

The parishes, however, come to him in the many organizations that cut across parish boundaries. The heavily Catholic fire and police departments have Holy Name societies. Once a year, in turn, these organizations march up 5th Ave., in freshly pressed uniforms and with white gloves swinging, to file into St. Pat's for a Communion Mass. The Telephone Ladies also have their annual Communion Mass, which the cardinal usually celebrates.

Then there is the annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, where he unfailingly puts in a friendly appearance. Among the other activities he warmly sponsors

is the Gotham ball at the plaza, where fashionable young Catholic women make their debut. He encouraged the organization of the ball a decade ago as desirable evidence of the prestige and stability of Catholic families. It is to him that each debutante is presented, escorted by her father, and carrying her bouquet—always cardinal red.

By reason of circumstances, however, not to mention a careful judgment of where his energies might be most usefully concentrated, the cardinal is most visible in those matters that attest to the enlarging Catholic participation in civic affairs. The "mixed" luncheons at the residence, which he inaugurated many years ago for the purpose of bringing Protestants and Jews into friendly concourse with the Catholic clergy and laity, have become an important social institution. With some Jewish leaders, especially, a close working arrangement has been developing. The cardinal has quietly helped to bridge the distance between the two most populous communities of the metropolis.

A good place to see the partnership in action is the annual \$100-a-plate Al Smith dinner at the Waldorf, which Cardinal Spellman inaugurated 15 years ago to raise money for St. Vincent's hospital.

The 2,500 places in the Waldorf ballroom are always oversubscribed. One of the perennial prime movers in the affair is Charles H. Silver, former vice president of American

Woolen and chairman of the city Board of Education, who is also active in Jewish affairs. At the tables, as well as along the tiers of the dais is a liberal interlacing of Jews and Protestants with Catholic laymen and clergy, including the cardinal wearing his pectoral cross and scarlet cape.

By custom the governor and the mayor are always among the speakers. And because it is the cardinal's custom to invite a prominent personage to give the principal talk, traditionally a salute to Al Smith's memory, the dinner has acquired a definite political importance. Dwight Eisenhower, for example, accepted an invitation for the 1952 dinner while still the supreme Allied commander in Paris, before he had declared his candidacy. The dinner is held in October, and it thus was Eisenhower's good fortune to appear in this influential company at the beginning of the critical last stage of his first presidential campaign.

Cardinal Spellman is not an eager controversialist. In 1949 he got into a public argument with Eleanor Roosevelt over the issue of public aid to parochial schools. Earlier the same year he had a collision with the gravediggers at two cemeteries operated by the cathedral. Wages and hours were in dispute, but what he could not swallow was the gravediggers' affiliation with the *cio's* Food, Tobacco, and Agricultural Workers of America, which was judged communist-controlled. He

called out his seminarians to bury the dead, and met the wage and hour demands only when the gravediggers gave up their dubious association.

On the occasion of Premier Khrushchev's arrival in Washington, Cardinal Spellman proclaimed a Holy Hour of prayer. On the subject of communism the forthright and farsighted position of the cardinal and his Church has done much to raise the public esteem in which Catholics are held in the U. S. today.

Despite all the controversy that reaches his door, despite the thousand decisions on the business side of his office, despite all the public bustling about, the cardinal has a private world, meditative and seemingly placid. Except in the summer, when the tall windows are flung open, the roar of Madison Ave. traffic scarcely penetrates the stone walls of the residence.

ALTHOUGH HE usually presides at the ten-o'clock Sunday Mass at St. Pat's whenever he is in the city, he rarely delivers a sermon there. Every fortnight a morning is set aside for a dozen talks, at 15-minute intervals, with troubled souls who, having exhausted all other avenues, turn to the cardinal. He may see a mother needing financial help for a daughter at college, a father whose son has got into trouble, a hard-pressed breadwinner who would like to put an ailing grandmother in a Catholic home.

One after the other, they file into the long drawing room on the first floor, to kneel and kiss the ring of the round, diminutive, ever-cheerful man in house cassock and sash. He appears all but lost, in a physical sense, among the massive and ornate chairs covered with red velvet, the gold brocade, and the elaborate lace curtains.

On the evenings that are his, he sups lightly and early with his staff and occasionally a close friend. In the past, it was his custom to retire then to his apartment and write for several hours. (His poetry and books

have earned nearly \$400,000 in royalties, all for charities that he designates.) But he no longer writes poetry for publication. Instead, he may drive or walk to a hospital to visit the sick, or simply work on his correspondence in his study. Like every other priest he must set aside an hour for reading his breviary.

"Being an archbishop," Cardinal Spellman once remarked, "is like being a runner in an endless relay race. You are handed the task, you run as hard as you can, and then, after you've covered the distance, pass on the task to another."



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

On the suitcase of a hitchhiker thumbing along U.S. #1: "Undecided Voter: Pick Me Up and Convince Me!"

Mrs. Deane Binder.

Worn from the neck of a Broadway panhandler: "If you are short of change, I honor Diner's Club cards."

Mrs. S. Lee.

On a newly painted wall of a high school in Miami, Fla.: "This is a partition, not a petition. No signatures required."

Dr. L. Binder.

In the window of a Brooklyn, N.Y., loan office: "Drive carefully. The life you save may owe us money."

V. D. Palat.

On a highway near Wilmington, Del.: "Don't Speed. The time you save may be spent in our jail."

K.R.

On the marquee of Madison Square Garden May 19, 1960: "Save the Summit, Hope of Humanity. World Without War. Tomorrow Night—Boxing."

Charles Chick Govin.

On the road to Vergennes, Vt.: "This is not U.S. Route 77."

C.G.

On the showroom window of a foreign car dealer: "Let us give you a demonstration ride right in your own living room."

E. Carlson.

Special Offer to CATHOLIC DIGEST Readers
Get this GIANT \$12.95 Volume
for Only \$2.95

ALONG WITH
 MONEY-
 SAVING
 MEMBERSHIP

THE SAINTS



EDITED BY
 JOHN COULSON



THRILLINGLY TOLD by 59 great writers. Richly illustrated throughout with the world's great religious art masterpieces.

- Over 500 Giant Size Pages, 7½" x 10"
- Full Color World-Famous Paintings and Sculpture by Raphael, da Vinci, Michelangelo — many other Great Masters
- 160 Monochrome Reproductions of Saintly Art Masterpieces — Treasured in the World's Renowned Museums
- Full Color End Papers and Jacket — Illustrated with da Vinci's immortal "Last Supper"
- Beautiful Lifetime Cardinal Red Buckram Binding
- A Calendar of Feast Days and Cross-Reference Index

**LET THIS BOOK BE A SOURCE
 OF FAITH, LOVE AND DIVINE
 INSPIRATION IN YOUR HOME...**

"...Every home and school library will need this book."

—Sister M. Camillus, O.S.F.

"...Surely the worthiest assembly of lives of the saints published so far in any language."

—America

"...huge, handsome, beautiful...best thing of its kind ever seen."

—The Catholic Digest

NIHIL OBSTAT

Daniel Duives teijn, S.T.D.
 Censor Deputatus

IMPRIMATUR

E. Morrogh Barnard
 Vicarius Generalis Westmonsterii
 die 18a Decembria 1957

Catholic Digest Book Club
 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y.

urs. Practically As A Gift, This Huge lume of the Fascinating True Lives 2,230 SAINTS And MARTYRS!

**A monumental library of 2,230 beautiful stories of
your "favorite" Saints and Martyrs whose lives will inspire
every member of your family with new Faith and Love!**

THINK OF IT! Here in one giant volume are your own Patron Saint, the Patron Saints of each of your loved ones—the Saints you turn to in your hour of need to intercede most powerfully for you in Heaven through your prayers and acts of devotion. *And it's yours*—this magnificent \$12.95 volume for only \$2.95! This wonderful offer is made by the Catholic Digest to its readers only—so that you and your family may enjoy the rare beauty of this glorious volume and the inspiration which it offers for your daily lives.

This huge, completely new, one-volume lives of the Saints is both authoritative and exciting. 59 distinguished theologians, historians, writers, etc., united in common faith, combined to produce a stimulating, inspiring work of devotion! They retell wonderful stories of heroic devotion, of exciting adventures and unflinching faith. They recount inspiring tales of war, of courage, of surmounting disappointments — and great triumphs. Here in one huge, colorful volume is a reservoir of wisdom, beauty, and stirring drama from which you and

your family can draw strength and faith every day of your lives!

**Beautiful \$12.95 Volume
For Only \$2.95 with Membership**

This unusual offer is made to demonstrate the many benefits and savings that are yours with Catholic Digest Book Club:

(1) You get \$4, \$5, even \$6 books for only \$2.95 plus a few cents postage—a saving of up to 50%; (2) Every book is **FULL LENGTH**, brand new—and library size; (3) You're never obligated to accept a book each month. Each month you receive **FREE** the illustrated "Key" describing new selections. You need accept only 4 during your first year: as few as you wish, or none at all, thereafter; (4) You can reject any book you don't want — simply by returning a post-card always provided for that purpose.

Mail the gift certificate worth \$10.00 to get your \$12.95 Deluxe Edition of "The Saints" for only \$2.95, plus shipping. Mail today—not to risk disappointment!

POPE PIUS XII WROTE:

"Almighty God has entrusted to fathers and mothers the duty of providing for the best interests of their several children in this life and in the life to come; and moreover, of educating them in the true principles of religion...Any training of the young which neglects to direct their minds towards a heavenly country does a grave wrong both to the souls of those concerned and the rights of the Christian family..."

(signed) Pius P. X. XII

GIFT CERTIFICATE

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THIS CERTIFICATE TODAY!

CATHOLIC DIGEST BOOK CLUB, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, New York

YES, send me — postpaid — the magnificent \$12.95 Deluxe Edition of "The Saints" for only \$2.95 plus shipping—and enroll me as a member of the Catholic Digest Book Club.

I will also receive—FREE—each month the illustrated "Key" describing each forthcoming selection. I may reject any selection by simply returning postcard always provided. I agree to purchase as few as 4 book selections within a year; thereafter I may cancel anytime I please.

As a CDBC member I will pay only \$2.95 plus a few cents shipping for books that retail at \$4.00 to \$6.00—a saving of up to 50%.

PLEASE
PRINT
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

STATE CD-9

Send no money now; we will bill you. (In Canada, Mail to: 1184 Castlefield Avenue, Toronto 19, Ont.)

The Adult Movies

*Trouble is, there aren't enough adults
in Hollywood to go around*

MUCH BAD LOGIC is lavished on censorship of movies. Bad logic comes from both sides of the debate but a little more comes from the anticensors than from the pro censors.

Herewith, a brief rundown of the clichés.

1. "I am against censorship of all kinds." This sounds strong, and is fun to say, but usually means rather less than it says. There will always be *some* things that cannot be shown on the screen. One anticensor I know, in conceding this point, said that the police would always step in in serious cases: a most insensitive form of film censorship. But at what point should the police step in?

2. "By prohibiting anything, you make it more desirable." This argument is popular among people who know a thing or two about human nature. All right so far, but the further implication seems to be that the only attractive thing about sin is its forbiddenness. No doubt, this is *one* of its attractions: but is there really more sin in Boston than in Port Said (to cite a single easygoing

community)? Is puritanism really the mother of all vices? Let us call this the Peyton Place fallacy, and leave it to the young in heart.

3. "Sex and violence on the screen do not cause an increase in crime." This always gets you into a statistical quagmire: mention the increase of delinquency in New York City, and the anticensor will tell you that there is just as much in Sardinia, where they don't see many movies. The supposition is that overt crime is the only index of a picture's influence. But pornography, as George Orwell pointed out, is also the perfect instrument for inducing passivity. In 1984, the government actually runs a ministry of pornography, to precisely that end. And, since we seem to be in some danger of becoming a passive people ourselves, our exultation over the crime rate in Sardinia may be somewhat beside the point.

4. "It is up to the parents to see that children are kept away from certain movies." It is sometimes conceded by the anticensors that children can be damaged nervously by

premature exposure to ugliness. To counter this, they pass the buck to already harassed parents. Suppose, to take enlightenment a step further, one lived in a street full of bars, burlesque houses, and such, all of which encouraged juvenile patronage—depended on it, in fact. (But we already know the answer to that one: forbid the children to go, and you will only make it more attractive for them. And so, around we go again.)

If this is the best the anticensors can do (and it seems to be, just about), we may soon be in for a grim wave of censorship, indeed. The root assumption of censorship, that people are not entirely to be trusted, may be extended from children, where it belongs, to adults. Movies will be more childish than ever.

To forestall this ghoulish possibility, a new set of clichés had better be produced fast. Censorship for adults seems to me regrettable, because it implies a failure in education. A permanent policy of adult censorship means that we plan to continue with this failure indefinitely. But censorship for children is another question. A system by which any child may enter any movie can mean just the kind of education failure that makes adult censorship necessary.

Opposition to a sensible system of licenses, such as they have in England (*X* for adult movies, *U* for everybody), does not come from artistic or freedom-loving quarters. Opposition comes from distributors and

makers of movies with names like *Teen-Age Vice Queen*. They know that as long as all supervision is left up to the parents, everything is going to be all right.

At the moment, the Legion of Decency seems to be making about as much sense as anybody. Unlike almost every other moralizing body in history, it sticks strictly to business these days, does not give opinions outside its province, and does not abuse its power (although some of its supporters would have it do so). Occasionally it loses its head and gives an accolade to a movie like *Embezzled Heaven*, but this is an error on the side of courtliness, not of red-necked officiousness.

My only queries about the legion are indirect.

1. Some of its champions seem to feel that it cannot be discussed at all, except in terms of lavish praise. This seems a pity: the legion is a guide, not a governess.

2. I am sorry that the "promises" have to be administered in an atmosphere suggesting moral pressure. A promise loses much of its value if people feel that they have to make it. And many loyal Catholics I know are opposed to the legion solely on that account.

The classifications the legion has been providing lately are singularly shrewd and helpful. If adult pictures are not being made, it is certainly not the fault of the legion. The truth probably is that there are not enough adults in Hollywood to go around.

Recent attempts to deal with grown-up themes (abortion, rape, and so on) have actually uncovered a new vein of childishness. *Blue Denim* and *A Summer Place*, pioneers in the new realism, were both singularly unconvincing adolescent day-dreams.

Hollywood has been going through a bad patch lately, and not because of anybody's censorship. The Oscars for *Ben Hur* and Charlton Heston show how far the art of the film has been lost sight of.

Techniques of montage, lighting, the use of symbolism, have not only failed to advance since the 20's and 30's; they have, in many cases, been abandoned altogether in favor of bland panoramas and the glossy, unchanging colors of California.

The relaxation of movie censorship (and censorship used to be blamed for nearly all of the industry's woes) has revealed the poverty of soul, the meagerness of imagination, which were always the real cause of the trouble.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 109)

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. transact (trans-akt') | g) To act, as on business; to negotiate. |
| 2. agile (aj'il) | f) Quick and easy moving; deftly nimble. |
| 3. agenda (a-jen'da) | l) Items to be acted upon, especially at a meeting. |
| 4. coagulate (ko-ag'u-late) | d) To congeal; to "move together"; to solidify. |
| 5. reaction (re-ak'shun) | k) A movement back, response; a counter tendency, especially in politics. |
| 6. actuate (ak'choo-ate) | h) To set or keep in motion; to arouse. |
| 7. exacting (eg-zak'ting) | a) Making severe demands; driving excessively. |
| 8. counteract (koun-ter-akt') | e) To move in opposition to; to neutralize. |
| 9. agitator (aj'i-ta-ter) | i) One who moves others to action; apparatus for shaking. |
| 10. deactivate (de-ak'ti-vate) | b) To render incapable; to make passive or inert. |
| 11. virago (vi-ray'go) | j) A woman who drives a man; a shrew. |
| 12. agency (ay'jen-si) | c) Organization empowered to act in behalf of another; instrumentality or means. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

Coming of the 'Great Prayer'

*Four times the Flatheads pleaded for a
Blackrobe; finally Father De Smet was sent*

MORE THAN 1600 Indians were encamped in Pierre Hole valley on the present-day Idaho-Wyoming boundary. They were mostly the main body of the Flathead nation, awaiting a white man—not as blood-thirsty savages but as catechumens welcoming a priest who would offer for them the Great Prayer.

The arrival of the missionary, the Belgian Jesuit Father Pierre Jean De Smet, was the fulfillment of a ten-year dream. Four long journeys had been made, two of them marred by tragedy, before the dream came true.

The Flatheads at Pierre Hole had traveled some 800 miles from their home in the Bitterroots, joined along the way by many Indians from other tribes, the Nez Percés, Pend d' Oreilles, and Kalispells.

Rejoicing, the men, women, and children met Father De Smet. They brought him to the lodge of the

chief, Big Face, who greeted him thus: "This day the Great Spirit has accomplished our wishes, and our hearts are swelled with joy." Father De Smet told them that he came for the salvation of their souls.

This historic meeting took place in 1840. The events leading up to it began some 20 years before, when 24 Catholic Iroquois Indians led by Ignace La Mousse, known to history as Big Ignace, trekked into the beautiful Bitterroot valley of Montana. They were welcomed by a kindly tribe, the Selish, or Flathead, Indians. Here, west of the Continental divide, Ignace elected to remain.

Among the Flatheads, Big Ignace found wonderful moral understanding, in a people who were hospitable, respected their marriage vows, and were honest and brave. Ignace knew that these people would listen to the story of Christ when the time was



right. He and his tribesmen had come all the way from Caughnawaga, near Sault St. Louis on the St. Lawrence river. There they had been taught the truths of Catholicism.

Once established among the Flatheads, Ignace began to tell them his story. He taught them the Sign of the Cross, and the Lord's Prayer, and told them about the Blackrobes—but mostly he told them about the "Great Prayer," the Mass. He spoke so convincingly that the Flathead chiefs declared that they, too, would celebrate Sunday.

The chiefs decreed that Sunday would be announced by raising on a high pole a flag called in their language *s'chazeus*. Sunday came to be known by that name thereafter. When all saw this sign they would come to pray together as Ignace had instructed them, and he led them in simple prayers. But this was not enough. What they wanted deeply, and talked about around the lodge fires, was the Great Prayer.

Winter came. Blizzards howled down from the north, over the eternal ice of what is now Glacier park. The Flathead chiefs called a tribal council. The purpose was to find a way of obtaining Blackrobes to bring them the Great Prayer. Ignace La Mousse boldly suggested that some braves be sent to the white man, to ask for Blackrobes.

None of the Flatheads had ever seen the villages of the white men, few had ever come face to face with one, but all knew the thousands of

miles of trackless forests, treeless prairies, and hostile country of the Plains Indians that would have to be crossed in such an undertaking. But Ignace was heeded. A delegation would go. Four young braves volunteered, led by two strong youths, Rabbit-Skin-Leggings and No-Horns-on-His-Head.

In the early spring of 1831 the braves started out, with a dog travois bearing their few needs. Each man was armed with new arrows, tipped with razor-sharp obsidian. They crossed the divide over Rodgers pass and headed overland, by rivers: the Sweetgrass, Yellowstone, and Missouri. They arrived in St. Louis in October.

The rigors of the journey had weakened the young braves. The two who accompanied the leaders died, one in October and one a month later. Each was baptized, and buried in the cemetery of the Church of St. Louis. For them the Great Prayer was a requiem far from their homeland.

The following spring the two survivors set out on their return. Their message had been given to Bishop Joseph Rosati. A young priest of the bishop's household had volunteered to travel to their country the next year. With profound joy the braves had seen the Great Prayer.

They started their return—but were never to reach their home tepees. However, shortly before they died they were met on the trail by the artist George Catlin, who sketch-

ed them. There is an evident happiness in the portraits, joy at the message of promise they carried.

Winter came. When the delegation did not return, the women began to mourn. Nor did any Blackrobes come. Two other groups, Methodist and Presbyterian, arrived and offered their services, but the Flatheads, contrary to their usual hospitality, refused to receive them. For these did not have the Great Prayer.

A second council was held. This time Big Ignace offered to go himself. With him, he took his only two sons, Charles and Francis, 12 and 14. It was his intention to have the boys baptized solemnly and confirmed. This expedition, in 1835, reached St. Louis before the end of the year. The boys were baptized and the event recorded on Dec. 2, the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier.

Big Ignace pleaded with Bishop Rosati, who promised him a priest just as soon as possible. Ignace and his sons returned to the mountains.

After 18 months, a third group set out on the perilous journey, determined to secure Blackrobes. Again Big Ignace led the party, five braves. They traveled with a party of Presbyterian missionaries returning from the West. The group reached a place called Ash Hollow, on the South Platte river, and there were attacked by a Sioux war party. Here Ignace La Mousse and all his companions, Indian and white, were killed. Big Ignace has since been called an

apostle of the Mass among the Flatheads.

The slaughter caused much grief among the Flatheads. Now more than ever they renewed their determination; and the council leaders called upon a fourth group to go for holy men who would bring them the Great Prayer. This final effort would succeed.

It was two of the remaining four Iroquois, the only survivors of the 24 who came to the Flatheads, who made the final trip to St. Louis. They were Peter Goucher, called Left-Hand Peter, and Young Ignace, so-called to distinguish him from Big Ignace. The trip was made jointly with some Hudson's Bay Co. men, traveling by canoe down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. When the group reached St. Joseph's mission at Council Bluffs, ancient site of Indian parleys, Peter and Ignace consulted the priests, and for the first time talked with Father De Smet.

Arriving at St. Louis, Peter and Ignace again put their desire before Bishop Rosati. The bishop, moved by the Indians' persistence, longed to send them a priest. Now he definitely promised that one would be sent the following spring, it now being late in 1839. To insure his intention, the bishop wrote to the Father General of the Jesuits in Rome about these Indians. He then agreed with the two Flathead delegates that one should remain in St. Louis to direct the priest to the Bitterroot valley.

Peter Goucher set out with the

joyous news that soon his tribesmen could have the Great Prayer. It was a hard journey, bitterly cold. But hope warmed Peter's heart. Nearly starved, he reached the Flathead camp on Eight Mile creek in the Bitterroot valley as the thawing snows were swelling mountain streams.

There was wild joy at the news of the coming of the Blackrobes led by Ignace. The entire tribe forgot the years of waiting. Chief Big Face at once sent ten warriors to meet the priest and escort him to their people.

Meanwhile, back in St. Louis, Father De Smet was assigned to Flathead country. Ever since his meeting the previous summer with Peter and Ignace, he had been attracted to the Indians of the mountain valley. Now he would go, with a confrere, guided by the anxious young Ignace. They left St. Louis by riverboat on March 27, 1840, with a group of American Fur Co. hunters.

The party disembarked at Westport, now Kansas City, and journeyed overland to the Green river. This was the point of rendezvous for everybody going into the West—and it was here that Father De Smet and Ignace met the braves of the Flathead escort. On Sunday, July 5, on a riverside rise, a garlanded altar of boughs was set up, and for the first time the warriors of the escort saw a Blackrobe offer the Great Prayer. From that time on, this spot became

known to Indians and whites as the Prairie of the Mass.

On the next day the warriors, dressed in their finery of feathers and painted buckskin, led Father De Smet and an elated Ignace on the eight-day journey to their fellow tribesmen in Pierre Hole valley. After the exchange of greetings between Chief Big Face and Father De Smet, one of the Indians presented the priest with his prized possession, a small hand bell he had obtained from Big Ignace. The priest was to call them together with it for the Great Prayer.

That evening the entire encampment surrounded the lodge assigned to the priest and, as he reports it, "recited night prayers in common, with a solemn canticle of praise." He goes on, "I wept for joy and admired the wonderful ways of that kind Providence which in his infinite mercy had sent me to these poor people, to announce to them the glad tidings of salvation."

The next morning it was not necessary to ring the tiny bell. Chief Big Face had ridden at dawn through the entire camp to call out the tribe. Grave but curious, they gathered before the outdoor altar. There the Great Prayer was offered for the first time among the assembled Flathead Indians, the prayer for which their friends had died and which remains with them to this day.



Tact: the thing that makes a diplomat tick. Charles Ruffing.

First Day of School!

A teaching nun offers some suggestions to the parents of 1st graders

I WENT OVER to our grade school one afternoon last December to see if the 1st-grade teacher, Sister Catherine, could accompany me on an errand. (I teach in our high school.) It was the day of the first snowfall of the year. Sister was helping her darlings get into their winter gear.

As I watched her zip up a little boy's snowsuit and fasten his galoshes, I wondered if I could be as sweetly patient as she after a day with 1st graders.

Sister smiled at the little fellow and said, "All ready for home now, Kevin?"

Kevin's charming grin didn't make his answer any less staggering for me. "Sister," he said, "this is not my snowsuit."

Sister Catherine just remarked, "No?" and began to remove galoshes and suit gently. When she had hung the suit up on a hook she asked the little boy, "What color is your snowsuit, Kevin?"

"Mine is red, Sister," was the answer. "That one is my sister's. My mother told me to wear it today because mine is dirty."



She patiently took down the same suit, and helped him put it on all over again.

"How do you do it?" I exclaimed when the children had left. "I'm afraid I could never take these babies!"

The incident strengthened my conviction that while we high-school teachers may make heaven, there will never be quite the shine on our haloes that will distinguish those of the Sister Catherine's of our schools.

On the opening day for our grade school in the fall I like to help the principal with the placement of the 1st graders. (Our high school opens a day or two later.) Whenever I es-

cort a trembling youngster to the classroom door and try to persuade him to enter, my admiration for my friend Sister Catherine mounts higher.

When I met her in the corridor at the end of the first day last September, I asked her a question: "If you had a chance to tell parents a few things they could do that would prepare their children for the 1st grade, what would you say?"

My question had been prompted by watching the skillful way in which she handles the minor crises that mark each opening day. (Some of my amazement no doubt stems from the fact that only a few years back Sister herself was sitting in front of me in a classroom. It is a bit mystifying to see one's "children" turn into master technicians almost overnight.)

I think that Sister's response to my question has great value for the parents of those Kevins and Carols who will be entering school this September.

"Most children," she pointed out, "when school is not in the immediate offing, play 'going to school' with a great deal of joy. They just can't wait. They have a cheap little schoolbag. It is filled with tattered magazines and pencil stubs and broken crayons. If an older brother or sister gives the little one a real schoolbook that has been discarded, the child's joy knows no bounds. The book will be strapped in with the other treasures and the whole

weight carried around for days on end.

"Now, if little Kevin could keep this feeling of lighthearted anticipation until really in school, things would be much easier for him, and for his teacher. But suddenly it is August, and his mother and dad realize that in a matter of weeks one of their darlings will be sitting in a classroom. So the picture in the child's mind is suddenly blurred.

"No, Kevin, you must not say, 'Yep' and 'Nope.' Sister won't like it. Carol, how many times must I tell you not to say 'uh huh.' Sister will think I haven't taught you any manners at all!"

"It's easy to see what kind of picture of this strange being called Sister is built up in the youngster's mind. And an older brother or sister may chime in with dark hints about staying in after school and being put in a corner. This helpful advice will usually be climaxed by the reassuring remark that 'If you don't hurry up and do the things that Sister wants, boy, will she holler!'"

Sister Catherine thinks that one of the most helpful things parents could do for their children would be to make every effort to keep them thinking that school is going to be a wonderful experience. They should nourish the idea that they are big boys and girls now; that they will go to a real school and have real books and, joy of joys, a real teacher. They will learn to read and write because Sister will help them do it.

"If parents are a little self-centered, they may find it difficult to give Sister that build-up," she says. "Consciously or unconsciously, they may prefer to have all the child's needs and affections centered on them. If they could only realize what a tremendous service they would be doing for their children, I'm sure they would make every effort to put that idea across.

"All of us have seen the tense child, left on Sister's hands the first day of school, who has been cautioned a hundred times, 'Now remember, you never talk in school; you never say one word. If you do, Sister will punish you.' Or the other tot who screams out the window, 'Mother, come back here! Mother, I just want to hold your hand! Mother-r-r!'

"It's easy to spot the children who have been assured, 'No, Kevin, you won't need me. Sister will be there to tell you what to do. She will help you just as mother does. Yes, Carol, Sister will show you where to go. She will show you lots of nice things.'"

Sister Catherine says it is common the first day of school to have any number of children who will not go into the yard for recess when she invites them to come out to play. They are afraid they won't be able to find their way back. The same crisis arises when it is time to go to the cafeteria for lunch. Again, because they do not know where the bathroom is, they conclude the

school doesn't have any. They will sit and cry for 15 minutes rather than ask what to do about being excused.

We talked about the children's first visit to the cafeteria. Once they have been persuaded that it is perfectly safe to go, and have finally arrived there, the problem of their milk arises. There are great differences from one school to another in the way in which the milk is paid for. In some schools payment is by the day, in others by the week. In Sister Catherine's ideal school, it would all be paid for at the beginning of the year.

If the milk is served with a straw, Sister suggests that the last week before school starts the child have it that way at home for lunch. If Kevin is to carry a thermos, let him practice opening the thermos at home and pouring the milk into whatever container he will drink it from in school. This may seem a trifling matter to an adult, but Kevin's wail when he finds it impossible to open his thermos has been known to rise to panic proportions. And he is likely to get full-throated support even from thermosless companions.

"In the lower grades," Sister Catherine says, "the hooks for coats are low enough for all to reach. I should think it an essential part of home training to teach a child to hang up his clothes. It amazes me anew each year how many children will stand in front of the rack and wait for me to hang up their jackets for them. I

am glad to help, but with the best will in the world I can't reach out to 30 or 40 or even more youngsters.

"If Carol reaches up and puts her coat on the hook, Kevin will follow her example. Fortunately, children, the great imitators, will copy the good their companions do as well as the bad, especially if a little commendation is given for the good act. Wouldn't it be nice to have Carol come home from school and say, 'Mommy, Sister told all the girls and boys today that I was smart and that they should hang up their coats as I did.'"

I couldn't resist saying, "That sounds like a plug for teacher."

"Maybe so," Sister Catherine agreed, "but mommy would benefit, Carol would benefit, and so would Kevin."

I asked about clothing care. She told me, "Some six-year-olds do not have sufficient agility in their fingers to tie shoelaces. If Kevin is one of these, you can help him by tying his laces in a double knot before he leaves home. When Sister is engrossed in the task of trying to get awkward little fingers to guide a pencil across a sheet of paper, she may not notice a child's dangling shoelace. Yet it may easily cause a bad fall."

I sounded Sister out about skills or information she thought might be useful for the parent to instill before the child actually enters school. She said that teachers differ considerably in opinions on this subject. Some

wax eloquent on the delight of being able to start in completely virgin territory. But Sister Catherine thinks it is a help if the child can count at least as far as ten. Sister is also happy when she finds that a goodly number can recognize the letters of the alphabet.

"If a child can hold a pencil and feel at home with the shape of the letter he is learning to make, he has a decided advantage over the one to whom each of these things is brand new. Only the adult who is busy year after year trying to teach children how to write has any idea of the herculean task it involves for the child."

"How do you propose getting children familiar with the feel of a pencil?" I asked. "Would you just let them scribble?"

"At first, when they are very small, say three or four years old, I'd let them scribble to their heart's content. But at five I would provide them with dot and tracing books. Filling in the outlines in these books gives them the idea of proceeding from left to right across a page and of staying inside lines. Children with such a background may be said to be three steps ahead of the youngster who in addition to trying to master the art of writing is also making his first effort to stay on a line and to learn what the letter is."

Kevin and Carol should also be able to recognize their own names and to distinguish colors. Everything a small child brings to school should

be labeled with his name: his hat, coat, books, snowsuit, and galoshes. The labeling will be valueless, of course, if the child cannot identify the name. As for color, the pupil who knows that the blue book is his reader and the red his writing book is a step ahead of the one who must learn this distinction.

The child who has been read to at home is usually more eager to master that art than one who has not. And if parents would not only read to their children, but also question them on what they have heard, they would start them on the path of reading comprehension.

Sister pointed out that in about the second week of school, when most of the children have settled down, there will still be a boy or a girl who has not yet caught on to the fact that getting an education is a serious business. For general harmony and his own good, he will get a scolding and, if this does not settle him, perhaps a period of detention in the corner (Sister Catherine's most drastic punishment). Oddly, the effect this kind of incident has on the class as a whole does not show up until the next morning.

Sister said it took her a few years to correlate Thursday afternoon's scolding and Friday morning's disturbances. But gradually she realized that the "morning after the day before," three or four children would panic on arriving at the door of their classroom. They would tearfully beg to be taken home.

How does one account for such behavior? Possibly, suggests Sister, a child would recount the incident at home and his recital would be met with such remarks as, "It better not be you that takes the next trip to the corner, or you know what daddy will do to you." Or the child would keep his fear locked up within himself, brooding over the awful disgrace if he should meet a similar fate.

It is the timid child who never does anything wrong who reacts with such extreme fear. If you are treated to the story of such an episode, and if you sense that your child is uneasy about it, tell him that there are naughty boys and girls in every class who will not let the good children do their lessons. Say Sister has to keep such children from becoming worse by scolding them, but she will never have to treat the good boys and girls that way.

Sister Catherine added one last caution. Another headache of the early September days in the 1st grade is trying to correct mistakes taught in prayers. Sister says that a four-year-old is easily capable of learning the Sign of the Cross and the Hail Mary. But they should learn all the *of's*, *and's*, and *the's*. Too many are taught such variations as, "In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

"It would be better not to teach the official vocal prayers of the church at all," she says, "than to teach them in an original, streamlined version."



WE LIVED in the Cathedral parish. The bishop was a close friend of my father's, and knew all of us—my mother and seven children—by name.

My father died; and not long afterward, my mother. When she was on her deathbed, we received a call from the cathedral rectory that the bishop would be over to see her. Weak though she was, mother insisted on an armchair beside her bed for the bishop.

We were all in the room while he spoke to mother. He reassured her as only a Catholic priest can at the time of death; he told her that she would soon see his dear friend, her husband.

As the bishop talked, Mary, my brother's non-Catholic wife, sat near me. She was deeply affected. She squeezed my hands till they hurt, and shed many tears. It was her first knowledge of the consolation afforded Catholics at death. Immediately upon returning home she arranged for instructions, became a Catholic, and made her first Communion at a Christmas midnight Mass.

Mrs. James C. Vaughn.

WHEN I FIRST MET the pretty young lady who later became my wife she belonged to one non-Catholic sect with a mission here in India and I to another.

As my fiancée, she insisted that we should marry in her church; I was as determined that we should marry in mine. Six months passed: I finally

thought that we would never marry.

One day I met a Catholic priest, Father G. Breen, c.s.c., who lived in a mission house not far from my home in Assam. He invited me to call on him.

I did. Among many other things, I told him about the trouble I was having with my fiancée. As I was leaving, he gave me a little prayer book, told me to use it, and asked me to come again, with my fiancée.

Without delay, I complied, first overcoming her hesitation. Father Breen explained to us the meaning of true Christian marriage as understood by the Catholic Church. As we left the mission house that lovely Tuesday afternoon, we felt like a new couple.

A few months later we were received into the Church, and were married by Father Breen. I took the name of Paul; my wife, Virginia; and our first child, now eight, is Peter. Paul Z. Hauhnar.

MY GRANDMOTHER was a Catholic, my grandfather was not. Every Sunday night they would walk to their respective churches, which were within a block of each other. They would meet again after services, to return home.

One Sunday night when they had gone about half way it began to rain heavily. They reached my grandfather's church first, only to find it locked, with no light, no sign of anyone around. Rather than wait outside St. Peter's cathedral for my grandmother, my grandfather went in with her—for the first time. The sermon must have been meant for him, because he never went back to his former church. Within a year he had completed instructions and become a fervent Catholic.

Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Mayor Morrison of New Orleans

*His own reforms will take
his job away in 1962*

A YOUNG VOTE COUNTER, fresh out of college, sat on a Louisiana ballot box and blocked some crooked officials from touching the ballots. A drunken bruiser slapped him off the box. The young man immediately climbed back. The bruiser struck again, and again the young man scrambled back. Finally the officials and their muscle man gave up and went home. The young man then turned in one of the few honest counts in New Orleans for that year, 1936.

His name was deLesseps S. (Chep) Morrison. "The roughing up I got," he explains, "was one of the reasons I got so active later." Just ten years after his roughing up, the city elected him mayor. Three times the voters have returned him to office with overwhelming majorities.

In 14 years as mayor, Morrison has snapped the city out of the commercial doldrums in which it had lain since the Civil War. The port now bustles with more seafaring business than that of any other American city except New York. The 48-year-old mayor has changed the face of the



city drastically, constructing swift overpasses, towering green glass buildings, a modern airport, and the largest cantilever bridge in the U.S. More important in his view, he has also changed things you can't see: the attitudes of his constituents.

"The people used to put up with all kinds of abuses," says the mayor. "Now they are quick to call attention to things that are wrong. New Orleans used to be known only as a good-time city. Now it is stepping forward in a moral, educational way."

Morrison keeps at his job 16 hours a day. Even those who dislike him envy his verve. He relaxes from administrative worries by talking to people.

His informality startles visitors. Recently, while discussing a proposed good-will trip through Latin America, he suddenly took some maps, tossed them on the floor, and

got down on his hands and knees to mark the routes.

One hot summer day a South American dictator visited the city. Morrison met him at the airport, and, with a police escort, drove him to the city. The car kept stopping for red lights, and the temperature inside grew hotter and hotter.

Finally the uncomfortable dictator turned to Morrison. "Who's in charge of the police department?" he asked. Morrison replied that he was. "Then why do we have to stop for all these red lights?" the dictator demanded. Unmoved, the mayor had his motorcade continue to obey traffic regulations all the way.

Throughout Louisiana, the handsome, boyish-looking mayor with the crinkling brown eyes and high forehead is known as Mr. New Orleans. He strikes most rural up-staters as the image of big-town life. Surprisingly, though, Morrison is not a native of New Orleans. He comes from the little town of New Roads, on the west bank of the Mississippi about 100 miles northwest of New Orleans.

He was born Jan. 18, 1912, into a family of leaders and builders. His father and his uncle were well-known politicians. On his mother's side, a forebear was Ferdinand deLesseps, builder of the Suez canal.

His father, Jacob H. Morrison, was a farmer, lawyer, and, for 26 years, district attorney of three parishes (the Louisiana name for counties). The young Morrison was

named for his uncle, deLesseps Story, once prominent in state affairs. Morrison also adopted his uncle's nickname, Chep.

His mother, the former Anita Olivier, came from an old New Orleans family that spoke French fluently. Until her retirement two years ago, Mrs. Morrison was house mother at the French House, a dormitory for students of French at Louisiana State university in Baton Rouge. When Morrison stumps through the French Catholic sections of south Louisiana, he campaigns in French.

In 1929, a few weeks before Chep began his sophomore year at Louisiana State, his father died. A few months later, the stock-market crash wiped out the family estate. Morrison had to work his way through college. In his spare time he worked on the LSU farm, handled the book-keeping for a campus tearoom, and clerked in the law-school library. During the summers, he sold silk stockings door to door and worked as a lifeguard. When he received his law degree in 1934, he ranked second in his class.

After graduation, he moved to New Orleans and opened a law office. For his first job, he worked part-time as a U.S. attorney. His rough experience as a poll watcher in 1936 marked his entry into politics. Four years later, he was elected to the state legislature on the reform ticket of Gov. Sam H. Jones. Morrison served as the governor's legislative

whip until he was called to active duty as an army lieutenant late in 1941.

On Oct. 3, 1942, before his assignment overseas, he married Corinne Waterman. They had met in 1936 just after New Orleans society belles voted the young lawyer the most popular escort of the carnival season. Corinne was at Morrison's side during his meteoric rise to power. But the mayor was not to have her for all the triumphs and trials of his career. With tragic suddenness, she died last year. The Morrisons had three children, deLesseps, Jr. (Toni), 16; Corinne Anne, 12; and John Randolph, three.

Chep and Corinne had not had a honeymoon when he returned from the 2nd World War, a heavily decorated colonel. But the honeymoon still had to wait, for he soon was drafted into another kind of service. On the eve of the 1946 mayoralty election, the reform candidate suddenly withdrew. That left the field clear for Mayor Robert S. Maestri, a remnant from the Huey Long era. The embarrassed reform group hunted for another candidate. With little hope of victory, they nominated Morrison.

A friend once described Morrison as a "man who could find a ray of sunshine in a coal cellar at midnight." But in this case the young candidate shared the resignation of his supporters. "If I am elected," he told a reporter after a 41-day, 14-hour-a-day campaign, "you can put

me down as the most astonished and happiest mayor this city ever had."

Despite his pessimism, he tried every campaign stunt possible. One day he decided to take advantage of two perennial complaints of the city's drivers and housewives: holes in the street and delayed garbage collections. At night, his supporters roamed the city. They put signs in the street holes: "Elect Morrison and get this repaired." And they put signs by bags of garbage: "Elect Morrison and have decent garbage collections."

City officials, worried by this tactic, began sending out crews to remove the signs and pick up the garbage or repair the streets. Phone calls then deluged Morrison's headquarters. The callers were drivers and housewives, pleading for more signs.

He defeated Maestri by 4,000 votes, and, at the age of 34 took office as mayor of New Orleans. The day after the election, he sat in a barber chair and heard the barber remark to another customer, "I was sure surprised when that young feller beat Maestri." Chep spoke up, "So was I, brother. So was I."

Before his inauguration, he took a step that forecast an important aspect of his administration. The government of Guatemala had invited the Morrisons for a visit. Here was the chance for a honeymoon. They accepted. Since then, he has made 30 good-will trips to Latin America, convincing Latins that New Orleans welcomes their trade, culture, and friendship.

"He's probably better known down there than President Eisenhower," said one amazed Louisiana legislator after returning from a recent tour with the mayor.

Early this year, for example, Chep led a bus caravan down the Pan American highway. The journey was a sentimental one. Chep, accompanied this time by his daughter, revisited many of the places he and Corinne had first seen on their delayed honeymoon.

One Sunday morning, a visiting newspaperman attending Mass at 125-year-old St. Patrick's church was startled to see the mayor approach with the collection basket. No New Orleanian would have been startled. For years, he has taken the collection basket around at St. Patrick's, often accompanied by his old law partner, Congressman Hale Boggs.

One of his first accomplishments as mayor was to invigorate the city's recreation facilities. In 1946, New Orleans had 35 playgrounds, all unsupervised. Now, the city has a supervised recreation program with 142 playgrounds and community centers, and 17 swimming and wading pools. In the first three years of Morrison's administration, juvenile delinquency dropped approximately 50%.

After successfully beating off state interference in city affairs, the mayor had a new home-rule charter adopted in 1954. One provision limits a mayor to two terms. Why had he fought for a charter that might cut short his

career? "Someone has to start it," Morrison says.

The national Junior Chamber of Commerce called him one of America's ten outstanding young men in 1948. Two years ago, Loyola University of the South presented him with an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

One honor almost upset an important moment in his life. He had a personal message to deliver to President Harry S. Truman from the ambassador to Argentina. While in Washington for a mayors' convention, he asked for an appointment with the President. Word came that Mr. Truman would see him at noon. At the same time, the convention's nominating committee proposed him for president of the organization.

He waited nervously in his seat while another mayor extolled his virtues in a nominating speech that was far from brief. Then Morrison impatiently sat through the voting. Amid enthusiastic applause, he arose to deliver his acceptance speech. It contained three words: "Thank you. Good-by." Then he dashed off to see the President.

Despite his accomplishments as mayor, Morrison has been unable to convince the voters of Louisiana that he should be allowed to govern the rest of the state. He has run for governor twice and lost both times. The most recent setback came last January when former Gov. Jimmie H. Davis defeated him by 70,000 votes in the second primary for the

Democratic nomination for governor. (In one-party Louisiana, Democratic nomination usually is equivalent to election.)

Morrison attributes his defeat to three factors, and most political observers agree with him. The first, segregation, almost obscured the others. Segregationists, who consider Morrison a moderate on race problems, threw all their support behind Davis. Morrison says that religion also affected the election. A bitter whispering campaign flared in Protestant north Louisiana.

In some cases, he adds, religion was linked with segregation. "The voters know that Catholics in the South are more inclined to be considerate of Negro problems," Morrison says. He says the third factor was the opposition of outgoing Gov. Earl K. Long, who announced his support of Davis during the last week of the campaign. Long was able to influence between 75,000 and 100,000 voters, Morrison says.

Morrison's fourth term as mayor, and second under the new charter, will end in 1962. He can't run for re-election. What will his future be?

Some associates want him to campaign for the U.S. Senate in 1962. But Morrison is resisting the advice. "I don't really care particularly about going to the Senate," he says. "I wouldn't make any great changes in the Senate. I'd just be one person out of a hundred there."

People who know him well agree that he probably would not be happy as a Senator. "Morrison has an erector-set complex," one aide says. "He wants to build things." He has been able to build things as mayor.

"I really haven't got any plans," Morrison says. But, after a lengthy pause, he adds softly, "I may run again for governor. That's the most likely thing." Old friends, remembering the brash young man who climbed back on the ballot box each time he was knocked down, think their man will make another try in 1964 to become the first Catholic governor of Louisiana since 1884.

Whatever the future holds, the mayor hopes it will not swerve greatly from the pattern of his last 14 years. "This is the kind of job I like," he says, leaning back contentedly behind his desk. "I like people."

×

PROGNOSIS NEGATIVE

The football coach was being congratulated on having signed a lifetime contract. "Well, I guess it's all right," he remarked dubiously. "But just the same, I keep thinking of good old Larry Whipple. He had a lifetime contract, too."

"But then he had a bad year. So the president called him in, pronounced him dead, and fired him."

Dr. L. Binder.



Prairie dog Pancho and fawn Bambi vie for Natie Gras's attention. She is careful to divide her affections since both are very jealous, demand equal petting.

DESERT ARK

Mountain lions, coyotes, deer, badgers—name the animal and you can be certain Arizona youngsters have met him in person, thanks to a unique road show called the Desert Ark.

The show is a project of the Arizona-Sonora Living Desert Museum

of Tucson. It is run by Natie and Hal Gras, a nature-loving husband-wife team. Most of the animals have been raised from infancy by Natie right in her own kitchen. For example, Rosemary Cooney, an orphaned raccoon, spent its first three weeks snuggled in a shoebox bassinet behind the Gras kitchen range.

When the animals get accustomed to humans, they go "on tour." To date, the Ark has visited more than 900 schools, hospitals, and civic groups, and brought to countless young people a new interest in and respect for Arizona's wild life.



Hal Gras and a lively ringtail cat nicknamed La Vaga bid farewell to a rapt audience. Pupils and teachers are always glad to see the Ark arrive with its unusual crew. Children pet and hold the animals.

It's not quite like the lion and the lamb lying down together but the idea is the same, as an owl Nu-Nu and a desert rat Carl cling to the same perch, a hand belonging to their understanding caretaker, Natie Gras.



PHOTOS BY BEN & SID ROSS

The Ark Lesson: Respect, not Fear

In his classroom lectures, Hal Gras points out that Desert Ark menagerie members are not performers.

"We bring the animals to children so that they can learn about them at first hand," he explains. "We want to teach them to respect, but not to fear, our wild life."

The youngsters get a chance to handle and pet the animals, giggle happily at the names Natie Gras has given them. Sample: Cary Grunt for a jaunty little peccary.

Her most challenging case so far: caring for a pelican blown into Tucson by a storm. Despite his oceanic background, he would eat nothing but chopped horsemeat, hated fish.

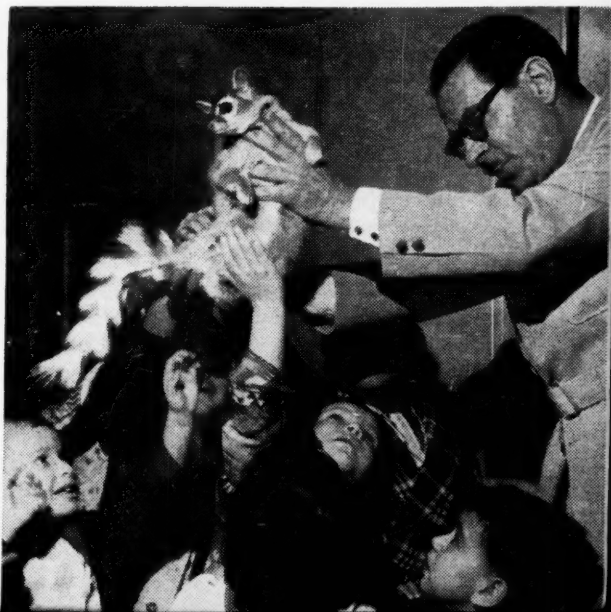
LEFT: Trusting BeeBee the badger doesn't mind being tossed in mid-air to impress crowd of youthful admirers.
BELOW: This orphaned raccoon enjoys lunch straight from a baby's bottle.





ABOVE: At Children's Hospital in Tucson, a fascinated young patient makes friends with a colorful Mexican boa. Gras points out that youngsters seldom are afraid of his pets; he says fear is acquired, and increased by lack of knowledge about animals.

Ordinarily La Vaga, a ring-tail cat, would shrink from human contact. Due to the patient care and training given him by the Grases he is not disturbed by the big reception he gets from hospitalized youngsters, all of whom wish to pet him.



By Thomas J. Quigley
Condensed from "Musart"*

A Kid Called Joe

*A capacity for love of God
doesn't come from a high IQ*

WHEN I FIRST met Joe I was an assistant at St. Stephen's church in Hazelwood, a mill section of Pittsburgh. Since then I have lived out 26 more years in the priesthood, but I have never forgotten him.

Hazelwood belies its poetic name. I doubt that a hazel bush or any other wood ever grew there. They used to say that it had more bars on one block than there were on any other equal length of street in the world. That may or may not be true. There were enough.

Down by the river, below the tracks, was an area called Scotch Bottoms. There were the grimy, dirty mills, the Jones & Laughlin steel plant, the B & O shops, and other areas of sweaty labor where hard-muscled men earned hard livings for their families.

People lived down there—good people—whose back yards were crowded up against the high, gray-black walls of the mills. This was in the days before smoke control in

Pittsburgh, and soot and dust rained down on the houses. Even on a bright day, few kids playing there were aware of the sun.

Yet kids lived and grew up there, and many a fine man and woman came out of Hazelwood. They had to be good, strong people to do it, but I think old St. Stephen's standing there in their midst deserves a lot of the credit. My old pastor, Dennis Murphy, is still there, and all the Irish, Italians, Greeks, and Slovaks love him, as do I.

But a lot of bums and thieves and gangsters came out of Hazelwood, too. (I used to rent a garage from a man whose sons are now prominent Pittsburgh gangsters.)

It was Father Conroy, another assistant, who came upon Joe. They met on the street, and Father found out that Joe had never in his life been to school. How that was ever accomplished in the face of the modern child-accounting system of the public schools is a mystery of the back streets of Hazelwood.

*620 Michigan Ave., N.E., Washington 17, D.C. February-March, 1960. © 1960 by the National Catholic Music Educators association, and reprinted with permission.

Joe took Father to his home and Father discovered, as he already suspected, that Joe came from a family of bums. He had been baptized as an infant, and from then on was simply forgotten by everyone except God. He ate (sometimes) and slept in this hovel, but that was all. No one in the place seemed to give a thought to his goings and comings.

He was the youngest, and apparently unwanted. He looked about 12 years old, but was actually 16. He was pale and emaciated, physically and mentally retarded. He had a racking cough that spasmodically shook his weak frame.

Joe had nothing going for him but a smile. How he could smile at all in the face of his handicaps is a shame to all of us. It was a sweet, engaging smile that warmed your heart and brought a lump to your throat. It captured Father Conroy that day down in Scotch Bottoms.

That night at the rectory we discussed Joe and decided to do something for him. We decided, even though he was 16, to put him in school to get him off the streets. The pastor had put me in charge of the school. So I met Joe and came under the spell of his smile.

God has given each of us an ability to know and an ability to love. Mentally retarded children have been given a short measure of the ability to know, but God has compensated them for this by giving them a much larger measure than most of us of the ability to love.

Who can judge which is the greater human being—that genius in the 6th grade with an IQ of 160, or little Joe who knew how to love?

From our first meeting I knew I was lost. I would never escape Joe. To my shame, I confess there were times when I tried. I would see him coming and tell the housekeeper to send him away. I excused myself on the score that I had other work to do and, after all, I deserved at least one afternoon a week on the golf course.

Even now I blush to recall Joe walking away from the rectory, having been told that Father couldn't see him. There would be no catechism lesson today. You see, I was trying to teach religion to Joe, and no one in my whole experience ever wanted more to learn it. But you couldn't rebuff Joe, or hurt him. After all, he had been hurt by experts. He loved you, he smiled at you, he shackled you, and in the end you would, if you could, sweat blood for him.

The first day I met him, I took him up to the principal of the school and told her to enroll him. I suggested the 8th grade.

Quite naturally, she rebelled. "He can't even read, Father."

"I know," I said, "but he'll be quiet. He won't disturb anyone. Give him some little thing to do. Let him run errands or just sit and listen. Don't do anything except be nice to him."

Then I asked Joe to promise he

would not cause any trouble, and I in turn promised that I would meet him at the rectory every day after school and teach him about God. He smiled and promised, and I knew he meant it, and I knew I was stuck.

In no time at all those wonderful people, the Sisters, came to love Joe. Who could help it? The next few months were the happiest in Joe's life. He at long last learned that love was a two-way street. He was first at school every morning. He volunteered for every physical chore his frail little body could manage. He got a good warm meal at noon. Most of all, he got attention. He finally meant something to someone, and his gratitude was fairly bursting his heart.

Every afternoon I met him on the back porch of the rectory when the weather was warm, and I tried to prepare him for Holy Communion. This was the richest teaching experience I have ever enjoyed, although at the time it was often nerve-racking.

He couldn't read, so a catechism was out of the question. His attention span was short, his ability to recall very limited, and I was too young and inexperienced to realize that he already loved God more than he or I or anyone would ever understand. I wanted him to define the Trinity, when all either he or the Trinity wanted was to be joined in communion through Christ.

But I worked with him, one sentence at a time, from October to

May. I would give him one simple sentence, ask him to repeat it, and he would smile. I'd try again, and finally, after many efforts, he would say it: "Christ is God." I doubted then that he understood. Now, looking back, I suspect he understood better than I. It was a long winter, and Joe and I became almost inseparable.

May came, and the kids in the 2nd grade were ready to receive First Communion. I, in my insufferable pride, concluded that Joe was ready, too. (God forgive me for keeping him away from the sacrament so long.)

The pastor, wiser than I, asked him a few questions, and said, "Of course, he's ready." Joe was too old to be in the class, so he made his First Communion alone. I hesitated to let him go to Confession to another priest for fear he would disgrace my labored teaching, so at my bidding he came to me. He made a wonderful Confession, so simple and sincere that it shamed me.

We all tried to make the next day a big one for Joe. We bought a new suit for him and the Sisters bought him gifts and shined him up. Joe loved it all and loved all of us, but most of all he loved going to Communion.

As I gave out Communion that Sunday at the 8:30 Mass, I watched for him. None of the other hundreds who approached the holy table that day knew anything about Joe. He was just another kid.

Then I saw him. He came up alone looking a little ridiculous in his new suit and stiff collar, with his hair plastered down over his pale, drawn skin. He knelt at the rail. As I approached him, he watched me expectantly and smiled. I placed the sacred Host on his tongue and moved on. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him close his eyes and bow, still smiling. My own eyes were misty.

Right there I think I began to mature in my priesthood. I guess then I had the first hint of what I now know—that for all our scholarship and science and theology, we will never quite understand the ways of God with man.

The next Saturday, as we left the rectory for Confessions, Joe was in the yard waiting for me. He asked me if he could go again to Confession and Communion. Painstakingly, I explained that he could go any time and that he didn't need my permission. He smiled happily and went again, but the next Saturday he was waiting outside the house once more to ask my permission. I was never able to get that last lesson

across to him. For months he went to Confession every week and to Communion every day, but never without asking me first.

You may have gathered what comes next. For a long time I had been worried about his health. His terrible cough grew worse, and at last the doctor said he would have to be hospitalized. His tuberculosis was well advanced. They took him away to a sanitorium, and he went smiling when I assured him he would still be able to go to Communion.

I never saw Joe again. Within weeks I was moved from St. Stephen's, and within months I heard that he had died. I don't know who was with him when he died, but I know Christ was there and that Joe was smiling.

When I stand before God to be judged, I hope our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph and St. Thomas will put in a word for me. But if the issue is still in doubt, and it may be, I hope little Joe will come forward with his smile that can warm the heart of God, and say, "He gave me my First Communion."

DEEP THERAPY

At the conclusion of a lengthy interview, the psychiatrist told his patient to walk over to the window and stick out his tongue.

"Why?" inquired the patient, to whom this seemed a rather strange request.

"Because," replied the doctor, "I don't like that other psychiatrist over there across the court."

Pageant (Aug. '60).

The Hard-to-Visit Holy Land

*A pilgrim in Palestine walks one way—
along the barbed wire*

NO OTHER PLACE in the world provides as compelling a reason for a visit as the Holy Land. Yet more foreigners eye the Eiffel Tower on a rainy Paris afternoon than visit the Holy Land in an entire year. Even round-the-world voyages manage to bypass the Holy Land most of the time.

The reason is that, ironically, no other place in the world provides so many obstacles to visitors. Psychological, political, and military stumbling blocks confront those who get by the economic hurdle. On top of all this is the red tape. It is easier to travel to Moscow than to the land of Christ.

Palestine a dozen years ago developed a split personality, with all the classic complications and the unnerving symptoms of stress and strain. It is now two countries: Israel in the west, Jordan in the east. And they are enemies.

The truce line is still in position. No peace has been worked out. The holy places are on both sides of the line, with most of them, like the Old City of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, in the area inherited by Arab Jordan.

"Free access" to the holy places is

made available at a point called Mandelbaum gate, a few hundred yards from the walls of Jerusalem's Old City. Along the 400 miles of Arab-Israeli truce lines, it is the only spot where the pilgrim can cross from one part of Palestine to the other.

The "gate" is not really a gate. In the old days it was a dusty cluster of buildings on one of the back roads leading into the Old City. It is said that a man named Mandelbaum used to have a little shop there.

Today it looks like a stage setting for a war-wrecked area—something which a talented but amateurish designer might have worked out. The



doings seem to be a bit overdone.

Skeletons of buildings, with roofs ripped away and windows laced with sandbags, gape at passing pilgrims. Tin cans, brimming with bright red flowers, are unrealistically spotted here and there.

In the No Man's Land separating the Israeli and Jordanian frontier posts no one can be seen by the pilgrim as he trudges across, cautiously searching from the corner of his eye. But the word is that armed men are scattered through the area, watching passers-by with binoculars.

Once the pilgrim does cross, no matter in which direction, there is no turning back. A pilgrim in the Holy Land walks one way. Only UN personnel, diplomats, and well-authenticated vip's are permitted two-way crossings, for example, from Jordan to Israel and back again to Jordan. Even they use their privilege only during working hours. At night the imaginary gate is slammed tighter than a vacuum-packed container.

For permission to cross over, the pilgrim must apply through his nation's consulate in the Israeli or Jordanian sector of Jerusalem. The officials check their files to see if there is anything in the applicant's past or present which would make him *persona non grata*. Perhaps he might have said something particularly unfriendly. Possibly he might be a spy or, even worse, a Jew or an Arab. When crossing applications are rejected, no reason is given. The

permit just does not come through, and the visitor must abruptly reshuffle his travel plans.

Action on a crossing application requires a waiting period of at least three days. In unusual circumstances, and especially when the applicant's consul or ambassador is persuaded to make a personal plea, the waiting period can be shaved somewhat. Even then the irreducible minimum is 24 to 48 hours.

It pays the Holy Land border crosser to travel light. At Mandelbaum gate, no taxis cross the 50 yards of No Man's Land. Even if a helpful porter happens to be around, he will carry your things only half way. The rest of the route, baggage handling becomes a do-it-yourself proposition.

Sizable blocs of potential visitors to the Holy Land are barred by the local ground rules. Jordan, for instance, does not admit Jews. It is still technically at war with Israel. A third of Jordan's population consists of people who once lived in the part of Palestine which became Israel. These refugees make no secret of how they feel about their next-door neighbors.

Similarly, Arabs do not find the welcome mat spread out for them at Israel's doorstep. The 125,000 Christian Arabs of Jordan cannot visit the holy places in Israel at all, while only a small percentage of the 50,000 Arab Christians in Israel get permission at Christmas to cross over to the Old City and Bethlehem. Israel's

Moslems can never visit the Old City's Dome of the Rock, which, after Mecca and Medina, is the most holy site in Islam.

Travel to the Jordanian Holy Land, much more often than not, has been stopped in its tracks by such headline-making events as the assassination of King Abdullah (1951), riots on the Jordan river (1952), election riots (1954), Baghdad Pact riots (1955), dismissal of Glubb Pasha and the Suez crisis (1956), riots and ouster of the government (1957), the crisis in Lebanon and murder of King Feisal and the wiping out of Iraq's royal family (1958), and the closing of the Syrian-Jordanian border (1959).

A trip to the Holy Land, sandwiched in with such spectacular bits of history-in-the-making, was a lot more than most pilgrims bargained for. People stayed away in droves.

Tourist income would really help both Jordan and Israel. But the tight situation in the Holy Land lets only a relatively few drops trickle through. Some \$16 million in foreign currencies is currently flowing into the Israeli treasury each year, while Jordan is earning about half that. This, of course, is just a drop in the bucket of tourist expenditures. Even tiny Lebanon does better than \$25 million.

Just as many people come to Israel and never set foot on the other side of Palestine, others visit the Holy Places in Jordan and bypass those in Israel. The latter do this because

they want to see Cairo, Damascus, and other Arab centers in the Middle East, and an accidentally placed Israeli visa or stamp on their passports will call the whole thing off.

Direct travel from Israel to any Arab country (except the one-way crossing to Jordan) is not possible. Some travelers, with time and money, manage to find a loophole by making a detour to the island of Cyprus, which sits conveniently off the Palestinian coast.

Israeli consulates around the world know this, and usually advise travelers to wait until they arrive in Israel before obtaining an Israeli visa. By that time, some kindly soul has briefed the traveler on the facts of travel life in the Middle East, and he obtains from his consulate a certificate of nationality for a fee of \$2.50.

The certificate carries his photograph and vital statistics, and serves as his passport in Israel. The Israeli immigration people obligingly enter the visa on the certificate, and use it for all their rubber-stamping. The passport is not touched. In a pinch, Israeli frontier police have been known to stamp a visitor's airline ticket when he showed up without a certificate and wanted to travel to an Arab country later.

It is all perfectly legal, and the Arabs and everyone else know what goes on. Just as long as Arab and Israeli visas are not side-by-side (or even on different pages) in the same passport, everyone is happy.

By John J. Ryan
Condensed from "Columbia"

You'll Never Walk Alone

Not in the suburbs, where everyone insists on giving you a ride

I LIKE TO WALK. According to health specialists, walking is an ideal exercise for those of us in sedentary pursuits. It requires no special equipment. Anyone can easily engage in this recreation—anyone except a suburbanite.

The suburbs would seem to be ideal for walking, with their tree-lined streets away from the hustle of the city. But it doesn't work that way. In the suburbs nobody walks. Adults, kids, dogs, cats—all of them drive or get driven. Even our paper boy is driven on his rounds by his mother in a white Cadillac.

My doctor suggested that I walk the mile to the railroad station each morning to work off the calories. I have tried it 42 mornings. On 41 of these I got no farther than two blocks from my house before I was picked up by someone, friend or stranger, in a car.

"Hop in!" someone would shout as I trudged along. "Bet your wife has the car today."

Once or twice I tried to explain that my wife did not have the car and that I was walking for fun and



exercise. My benefactors just roared. They knew a joke when they heard one, all right.

I took to the side streets, but invariably I would pass someone's split level just as he was pulling out of the driveway, and that was the end of my walk. One day two cars pulled up to me at exactly the same moment, both offering me lifts. Both were strangers to me and to each other. When I slipped away they were arguing over who saw me first.

I finally gave up and decided to take my exercise in the evening. I would wear my coat collar up and my hat pulled down to avoid any chance of being offered a ride.

The first night it worked just fine. I tramped up and down the streets of

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven, Conn. May, 1960. © 1960 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

our town unrecognized. The next night there was a misty rain, which hardly deters hardy walkers, so I started out again. After a few minutes I had the curious sensation of being followed. Sure enough, a police car was idling along a block behind me. I let it catch up.

"Watcha doing, buddy?" the policeman asked from the car, the searchlight blinding me.

"Oh, just taking a walk," I said nonchalantly.

"Why?"

I could have told him the truth. But the more I thought about it the worse the truth sounded—I mean about the doctor and the morning walks and people insisting on driving me to the station.

"I've got five kids," I said. "Can't stand it when they have those old cartoons on television."

The officer smiled broadly.

"Know just what you mean," he confided. "Got three of my own. That's why I volunteered for night duty."

With that he roared off, red light winking. I managed a small smile for the small crowd which had collected and slunk off into the night. At least I now had the gendarmes on my side.

But no one else. For practically no one walks at night in the suburbs except dog walkers, a slow, ambling breed who look very suspiciously at the nondog walker. They give you that searching look which says right out that they think you are the cat

burglar casing likely places to rob. This is unnerving.

The worst of it is when there is someone walking ahead of you, a man coming home late from the office or a woman returning from PTA or church. If you walk slowly, they think you are shadowing them. If you walk fast, they think you are openly chasing them.

Of course, the walker in the suburbs faces physical hazards, too. A tree that someone forgot to trim will knock your hat off, or, if you are hatless, your head. You can stub your toe on sidewalks that elm-tree roots have heaved.

People in some suburbs like the old-fashioned street lights, which they feel are quaint and charming. They may be. But they don't shed much light. It is sometimes difficult to tell where a street ends and someone's driveway begins. And if you don't think it is awkward to find yourself walking up a stranger's driveway just as he comes out the side door to investigate the noise you are making. . . .

I finally gave it all up. Well, not quite. I got a dog. Now I can walk anywhere at night without concern because any man walking with a dog is absolutely above suspicion.

The only trouble is that the dog gets tired after a block or two and I have to carry him the rest of the way. That is somewhat more exercise than I bargained for. Have you ever tried walking a mile at night through the suburbs, carrying a St. Bernard?

The Baptism of BUFFALO BILL

By William E. Barrett

THE PRIEST who baptized Buffalo Bill lives quietly in retirement today, the oldest priest in the Archdiocese of Denver at 82. Father Christopher V. Walsh survived a serious heart attack in 1948 and a cataract operation several years ago.

He is still a handsome man, with a ruddy complexion, erect carriage, and hair that men half his age might envy. He celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination in 1955.

Father Walsh has never been permitted to forget Buffalo Bill. He has received thousands of letters about him from all over the world. The letters still come. Some of them express doubt that he did baptize the famous Col. William Frederick Cody, since so many of the great



scout's biographers have ignored that dramatic climax to an incredible career.

"It is a simple story," Father Walsh says. "He wanted to die in the Catholic faith and he did."

Christopher Walsh was born in 1879 in County Sligo, Ireland. He was nine years old when he visited England with his parents and saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. The great plainsman was at the height of his international fame then, feted by royalty, playing to capacity audiences every day. He had given two command performances before Queen Victoria.

To a small boy, he was everything that a hero should be. Christopher determined that some day he would go to America and see for himself the West that Buffalo Bill recreated in the arena: the West of brave men and savage Indians, of superb marksmen and untamed horses. The idea overwhelmed the boy's imagination, as it had the imaginations of millions of adults.

The impact that Colonel Cody had upon people who saw him for the first time was well summarized by John M. Burke, his press agent and close friend for 44 years. Of his first impression of Buffalo Bill he wrote, "I thought then that he was the handsomest, straightest, finest man I had ever seen in my life. I still think so."

Many strange elements contributed to the development of the man who became an American symbol to

millions of people. Bill Cody was born on Feb. 28, 1846. He grew up in what was known as "the middle border" in Kansas, a savage battleground between slavery and abolitionist forces for two decades before the Civil war.

His father died as the result of a knife wound in a skirmish when Bill was ten years old. The boy supported his mother and his sisters by herding cattle. When he was 12 he rode as a courier with a wagon train across the Great Plains.

Young Cody made many trips with wagon trains to all sections of the opening West. The trains were often under attack by Indians. He became one of the solitary riders of the famed Pony Express, and he served in the Union army in Tennessee during the Civil war. He was guide and scout for Generals Custer, Sherman, and Sheridan during the Indian wars; under Sheridan he was chief-of-scouts. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism.

He took a contract to supply buffalo meat for the men who laid the railroad tracks across the prairies, and killed, personally, 4,280 buffalo in 17 months.

THE MAIN FACTS of Cody's incredible life are a matter of public record, but his story was exaggerated to absurd proportions by dime novelists like Ned Buntline and Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who made him the hero of hair-raising melodrama.

Ingraham turned out more than 200 Buffalo Bill novels. When Cody made his first trip East, people were astonished to discover that he was a real person. In later years, debunkers tried to discredit him by attacking novelists' legends.

Buffalo Bill clouded his own achievements by permitting press agents for his show to write absurd stories under his name. His exploits did not need exaggeration. He was an extraordinary man by any measure, and he played a vivid role in one of the most colorful chapters of American history.

The Wild West show that enchanted little Christopher Walsh was conceived as a presentation of life as Cody had known it on the plains: wagon trains, Indian attacks, the breaking of wild horses, the rough work that became, later, a standard feature of rodeos. Nothing like that show had been seen in the Eastern states until Cody assembled his riders, Indians, and plains equipment. And, of course, nothing like it had ever been seen in Europe.

Presidents of the U. S., kings, queens, emperors, and private citizens were captivated by the spectacle which made the term *Wild West* a part of the language (as "dude ranch," another Cody term, had become earlier, and as "rough rider" was to be, although generally associated with his friend Theodore Roosevelt). An entire literature, often called our most typically American literature, developed out of

the picture of the West that Buffalo Bill presented to his audience.

Christy Walsh had seen the show while it was still fresh and new, but it went on its way and he had his own life to lead. The dream of America stayed in his mind, however. When he was old enough to be sent away to school, he chose to go to relatives in Canada rather than to relatives in England. Canada was not the U. S., but it had much of the same glamour because, to a boy in Ireland, the two nations were closely linked. He went to Trois Rivières in Quebec province and spent the equivalent of his high-school years there, with trips home to Ireland in the summer.

At length, he entered Villanova college at Villanova, Pa. He had a second home with an aunt and uncle in Lawrence, Mass. The image of Buffalo Bill had faded; he was satisfied with the East rather than the Wild West. He was tall and strong, an exceptionally handsome young man, and now a hero in his own right: a varsity football player. One of the young men against whom Christy played was a right halfback at Bucknell college, destined to be forgotten as a football player but to be forever remembered in baseball, another Christy—Christy Mathewson—Big Six of the New York Giants. Mathewson went on to big-league baseball before Christy Walsh was graduated from Villanova.

The life of young Walsh changed

subtly in those years: longer hours in the chapel, more frequent Communion, long walks alone, solemn discussions with his Augustinian mentors. Before he received his degree, he knew what he would do with his life. After graduation he entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal. On Christmas day, 1905, he was ordained.

PRIESTS WERE sorely needed in many places during those early years of the 20th century. Nowhere was the need so great as in the turbulent, rapidly developing mountain West. Catholics who migrated as pioneers into the new frontiers found themselves far from churches, Mass, and the sacraments.

Those who managed to maintain the devotional life of Catholics while deprived of sacramental life saw their children grow up indifferent to the faith that they had inadequate opportunity to know. For several decades the Church had been trying to reclaim its lost Catholics in the West, but there were not enough priests.

Father Walsh received an appointment to the Denver diocese under Bishop Nicholas C. Matz. After two years in Annunciation parish in Denver, he was assigned to a mountain mission post.

"I wasn't a scholar," he says. "I was strong of body, and at home in the out-of-doors."

He was well matched to the work assigned him. The Great Plains of

Buffalo Bill were settled and tamed, but the West was still wild in the mountain towns. There were cowboys, but the miners outnumbered them, tough men who did hard work and faced daily hazards. Mining was in a decline because of the demonetization of silver. Many famous boom towns had turned into ghost communities, but one met drama everywhere on the mountain frontier, with its gunmen and brawlers, gamblers, saloons, dance halls.

Father Walsh made his rounds on horseback. He said Mass in private homes; he made friends where he had been viewed at first with suspicion. Other men supplemented their daily rations by hunting and fishing; so did he. The ex-football player could match his physical stamina against that of any mountain man. He had good coordination, fast reflexes. He became a first-class marksman in country where skill with firearms was respected. Many of his hunting companions became loyal parishioners, his staunch supports in what was often lonely, discouraging work.

Father Walsh built churches at Rifle and at Meeker. He became pastor at Aspen, now a cultural center but far from that when he knew it. Eventually, he was summoned by the bishop to less strenuous service at St. Francis de Sales parish in Denver, then to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. The love of the outdoors remained strong in him, and he spent his vacations in

the wilds, hunting. On one of these vacations he met his boyhood idol, Buffalo Bill.

Colonel Cody was still touring, year after year, with his show, but he had developed stronger attachments and wanted to escape from it. He had made millions of dollars and scattered them over a wide area. Reckless, extravagant, unfailingly generous, trustful, careless in book-keeping, the great plainsman had been imposed upon and lured into every type of bad investment. He had supported his sisters and had financed the men they married.

He carried on his permanent pension list an incredible number of men who served with him on the plains or worked on his show. He had established the town of Cody, Wyo., and poured money into it, sinking a fortune into an irrigation project in the area.

He spent all the time he could spare on his ranch outside Cody. He was appreciated and loved there for himself, not as a symbol, and he was dreaming of the day when he could retire to it. The show, however, enslaved him. It was the source of the vast sums he needed, and he did not know how to trim his list of obligations.

Father Walsh hunted in the Cody region. The men with whom he hunted had met few priests. A priest who was comfortable on horseback and was a crack shot was a prime novelty. They told Cody about him and arranged for a meeting, which

took place at the Cody ranch. The Irish boy who had thrilled to his first glimpse of the Wild West in the long ago was as tall as his host now, younger and stronger; but the hero of his youth was no disappointment to him.

Buffalo Bill's long, flowing hair was white, as was his goatee, but he stood as straight as when he had guided Sheridan's frontier fighters, and his eyes were clear and keen.

"I hear that you are a better shot than I am," he said.

"That is a courtesy to me rather than a statement of fact, Colonel," Father Walsh said. "I do not imagine that you have met many men who were better shots than you are."

"I've met a few."

Before the day was over, Buffalo Bill and Father Walsh were hunting companions. Father Walsh says that he was not a better shot than his host, but he did not disgrace himself. They established a mutual liking and respect that was to endure for many years.

Cody had the vices of the frontiers and the show tents, as well as the virtues. He liked liquor and roughhousing. His parties created legends in Cody, as they had over half a world, but he could relax with a priest, too, and talk of places he had been, or listen to stories of a life in the West that was far different from his own.

The lives of the two men moved on divergent lines for several years; then they met again in Denver.

The Cody star had all but set. There had been too many bad investments, too many unpaid loans, too many people supported out of friendship, and too much careless paper work. The Wild West show had lost some of its flavor, and the motion picture, copying its formula, had destroyed its novelty. Greedy opportunists had moved in on the show. Men appeared, claiming payment for old debts, confident that the careless Cody would never be able to find receipts. Control of the show passed from the hands of Buffalo Bill to the Sells-Floto circus. He became a Sells-Floto puppet.

FATHER WALSH was assistant pastor to the colorful Msgr. Hugh L. McMenamin at the cathedral during the years of litigation that chained Buffalo Bill to Denver. The two men often met and talked.

Colonel Cody was less erect now, but he did not concede defeat. He was confident that old investments would pay off, that he would emerge victorious from several lawsuits, that he would go on tour once more with his own show, no longer a mere circus exhibit. He was more thoughtful, however, in defeat. He was interested in Father Walsh's stories of the people who drifted away from Catholicism on the frontier because of the shortage of priests.

"I never had any religion myself," Buffalo Bill said, "although I knew many preachers, and I encouraged their work. I was glad for my sisters

and their families when they found good clergymen and good churches, but it wasn't for me." He seemed to be without religious prejudice, just as he was without religious conviction.

Buffalo Bill's conversations with Father Walsh covered a wide range, only occasionally touching on religion, and never lingering on it. Father Walsh knew that Colonel Cody was a Mason; and Cody seldom permitted another man to lead the conversation. Cody was vain, garrulous, fond of reminiscing on past glories. In his later years, he seemed unable to separate in his mind the actual experiences of his life from the theatrical roles he had played and the adventures chronicled in dime novels.

He talked well and he liked attention. He seldom gave to others the attention he demanded for himself. He had lived constantly in the public eye for more than 40 years, outlasting scores of other celebrities. It would have been folly to expect him to act like an ordinary man. Father Walsh understood him, but never quite lost his awe of him.

Buffalo Bill told him once of his audience with Pope Leo XIII, who had given him a medal. He had introduced to the Pope several of the Indians who traveled with the show. An Indian in the troupe (not one of those present at the interview) died that night, and all the surviving Indians regarded Catholicism with deep suspicion thereafter.

In November, 1916, Cody suffering from a cold, made a trip to Chicago, seeking capital to organize another show of his own. He failed to obtain the money, and returned to Denver, to the home of his sister Hannah, Mrs. Louis Decker. He was ill for a week. Though forbidden by his doctor to travel, he journeyed to Cody, Wyo., to attend a dinner in his honor. One of the doctors he consulted after his return to Denver advised him to go to Glenwood Springs for the mineral baths. There he collapsed.

He was brought home to his sister's Denver home on a stretcher. He faced Dr. East, the physician who attended him, with a blunt question: "What are my chances?"

He was suffering from uremia, and his heart was beginning to falter. The doctor told him that he had only a short time to live. Cody apparently refused to accept the verdict. He spent the evening playing cards, and seemed in good humor. The following day, however, he wired for his wife and daughter to come.

Cody's marriage to Louisa FredERICI had not been happy. At one time there had been a divorce action, with charges made by both sides, but that clash, like their many separations, had ended in a reconciliation. With the doctor's warning on his mind, Cody wanted his wife beside him.

On Jan. 9, 1917, Buffalo Bill startled his family by a request that they call his friend, Father Christopher

Walsh. Mrs. Cody and Mrs. Decker, his wife and his sister, conferred. They did not know how to find a priest named Walsh, but they were in agreement that he should be called. Mrs. Decker asked a Catholic friend of hers, Mrs. M. C. Harrington, to carry Buffalo Bill's message. Mrs. Harrington phoned the cathedral rectory.

Father Walsh reached Mrs. Decker's house shortly after noon. The doctor had just left. Cody was sleeping under sedation. There was nothing the priest could do under the circumstances, so he talked for a few minutes with the family. Mrs. Cody promised to call him when her husband awakened, and he left. At four o'clock, Mrs. Cody phoned to inform him that her husband was awake and had asked to see him.

On the second visit, Father Walsh found his old friend in complete command of his faculties. He said he had never belonged to any religion, and had never been baptized. But he had always believed in God. He knew that he had only a short time to live, and he wanted to die in the Catholic faith. He made a perfect response to the necessary questions. Father Walsh baptized him at 5 P.M.

Present at the Baptism of Buffalo Bill were his wife; his daughter Irma; his daughter's husband, Fred Garlow; and Cody's sister, Mrs. Louis Decker. Father Walsh explained to them the significance of the sacrament that he had adminis-

tered, and translated the Latin for them. They all shook hands with him after he said good-by to Colonel Cody, and Mrs. Decker walked to the door with him.

The following day, Jan. 10, 1917, Buffalo Bill died.

DRAMA AND CONFLICT surrounded Buffalo Bill in death as in life. Three cities claimed his body: North Platte, Neb., where he owned a ranch and where his wife lived during most of her life; Cody, Wyo., the town he founded, the place where he spent his happiest hours; Denver, Colo., the scene of his disasters, the city in which he happened to die.

Cody had the soundest claim. It bore his name and it bore the impress of his personality. There he had built the Irma hotel, named after his daughter. In one of his many wills, he had expressed the wish to be buried in Cody.

The *Denver Post* exerted its great influence to have him buried on Lookout mountain outside Denver, a project conceived by Harry Tamm, one of the *Post* co-owners. Mrs. Cody supported the *Post* project. She apparently did so not through any love for Denver, but out of hostility to Cody, Wyo., where her husband had friends who were not her friends, where he had lived a life from which she had been excluded.

When it became apparent that Denver was claiming Buffalo Bill's body and that he might be buried

in Colorado, several hotheads in Cody announced that they would seize the body and take it to Wyoming for burial. A minor controversy developed while the major dispute was still unresolved. The Masons requested the right to conduct the funeral service. Mrs. Cody, backed by Mrs. Decker, knowing that the Colonel had died a Catholic, refused to grant permission.

The Elks were given the honor of arranging the funeral service. It was a significant choice. Two years earlier, Father Walsh had been Colorado state chaplain of the BPOE.

The body of Buffalo Bill, escorted by the Elks, the GAR, and several military units, with a crowd estimated at 18,000 joining the procession, was taken to the Elks lodge. There a simple service was read. Thence the body was taken to the Capitol, there to lie in state.

The body of Buffalo Bill was taken from the Capitol and placed in a mortuary vault. On June 3, 1917, nearly six months after his death, it was conveyed to the top of Lookout mountain in a procession that included Sells-Floto circus wagons and performers. The Masons conducted the services at the grave. Two tons of concrete and a half ton of steel were placed on top of the coffin so that the body could never be removed.

"The Church never entered the struggle for Buffalo Bill's body," Father Walsh says. "Our concern was for his soul."

By Yurii Olesha

Condensed from *"The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars"**

Lyompa: The Death of Ponomarev

Little by little, things fall away

"Lyompa" is one of three short stories that fill out a 35¢ paper-back, *"The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars."* It also contains an anticommunist novel, "Envy," which was accidentally praised by the commissars on its appearance in 1927. They took a second look in 1932, and the author, Yurii Olesha, had to recant. "Lyompa" reflects the empty materialism of the Marxist mind, which has deprived life of hope.

YOUNG ALEXANDER was planing wood in the kitchen. The cuts on his fingers were covered with scabs which were goldish and appetizing.

The kitchen gave onto the courtyard. It was spring and the doors were open all the time. There was grass growing near the entrance door. Water poured out of a pail glistened on the stone slabs. A rat appeared in the garbage can. Finely

sliced potatoes were being fried in the kitchen. Primus stoves were burning. The primus' life began in a burst of splendor: the orange flame shot ceiling high. It ended in a quiet blue flame. There were eggs jumping around in boiling water.

One of the tenants was cooking crabs. With two fingers, he picked up a live crab by the waist. The crabs were greenish, the color of the water pipes. Two or three drops suddenly shot out of the tap by themselves; the tap was discreetly blowing its nose. Then, upstairs somewhere, pipes began to talk in various voices.

The dusk was becoming perceptible. Just one glass continued to glisten on the window sill, as it received the last rays of the setting sun. The taps talked. All sorts of moving and knocking started up around the stove.

The dusk was magnificent. People

© 1960 by Andrew R. MacAndrew. Reprinted by permission of the New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York City 22. 143 pp. 35¢.

were eating peanuts. There was singing. The yellow light from the rooms fell on the dark sidewalk. The grocery store was brightly lit.

In the room next to the kitchen lay Ponomarev, critically ill. He lay in his room alone. A candle was burning, and a medicine bottle with a prescription attached to it stood on a table at his head.

When people came to see Ponomarev, he said to them, "You can congratulate me: I'm dying."

In the evening he became delirious. The bottle was looking at him. The prescription was like the train of a wedding dress. The bottle was a princess on her wedding day. The bottle had a long name. He wanted to write a treatise. He was talking to his blanket.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. . . ."

The blanket sat next to him, lay next to him, told him the latest news.

There were only a few things around the sick man: the medicine, the spoon, the light, the wallpaper. The other things had left. When he found that he was critically ill and was going to die, he realized at the same time how huge and varied was the world of things and how few were the things that remained to him. Every day fewer of these things were left. A familiar object like a railroad ticket was already irretrievably remote from him. First, the number of things on the periphery, far away from him, decreased; then this depletion started drawing

in closer to the center, reaching deeper and deeper, toward the courtyard, the house, the corridor, the room, his heart.

At first, this disappearance of things did not particularly sadden the sick man.

The countries went, America; then the possibilities—that of being handsome, rich, of having a family (he was single). . . . Actually, his sickness had no connection with the vanishing of these things. They had slipped away as he had grown older. But he was really hurt when he realized that even the things that had been moving parallel with his course were also beginning to grow more remote. Thus, in one single day he was abandoned by the street, his job, the mail, horses. And then the disappearances began to occur at a mad rate, right there, next to him: already the corridor had slipped out of his reach and, in his very room, his coat, the door key, his shoes had lost all significance.

He knew that, on its way to him, death was destroying things. Out of all their infinite number, death had left him only a few things, things, by the way, which, had it been in his power, he would never have permitted in his house. So he had things forced on him. He had the frightening visits and looks of people he knew. He saw that he had no chance of defending himself from the intrusion of these unsolicited and, to him, useless things. But now they were compulsory, the only ones. He

had even lost the right to choose.

Young Alexander was making a model plane.

The boy was much more serious and complex than people imagined. He kept cutting his fingers, bleeding, littering the floor with his shavings, leaving dirty marks from his glue, scrounging bits of silk, crying, being pushed around.

The grownups considered themselves absolutely right although the boy acted in a perfectly adult way, in fact, in a way in which only a very small number of adults are capable of acting: he acted scientifically. He was following a blueprint in constructing his model, making calculations, respecting the laws of nature. To the adults' attacks he could have opposed an explanation of the laws, a demonstration of his experiments. But he remained silent because he did not feel he had the right to show himself more serious than the adults.

The boy was surrounded by rubber bands, coils of wire, sheets of plywood, silk, and the smell of glue. Above him the sky glistened. Under his feet, insects crawled over the stones, and a stone had a little petrified shell embedded in it.

From time to time, while the boy was deep in his work, another boy, this one a tiny one, came up to him. He was naked except for a tiny pair of blue trunks. He touched things and got in the way. Alexander chased him off. The naked boy, who looked as if he were made of rubber,

wandered all over the house. Along a corridor, there was a bicycle leaning with its pedal against the wall. The pedal had scratched the paint, and the bike was holding onto the wall by the scratch.

The little boy dropped in on Ponomarev. The child's head bounced around like a ball near the edge of the bed. The sick man's temples were pale, like those of a blind man. The boy came close to Ponomarev's head and examined it. He thought that it had always been this way in the world: a bearded man lying in a bed in a room. The little boy had just learned to recognize things; he did not yet know how to distinguish time in their existence.

He turned away and walked around the room. He saw the floor boards, and the dust between them, the cracks in the plaster. Around him, lines joined and moved and bodies formed. Sometimes a wonderful pattern of light appeared. The child started to rush toward it, but before he had even taken a whole step, the change of distance killed the illusion, and the child looked up, back, behind the fireplace, searching for it and moving his hands in bewilderment. Each second gave him a new thing. There was an amazing spider, over there. The spider vanished at the boy's mere desire to touch it with his hand.

The vanishing things left the dying man nothing but their names.

There was an apple in the world. It was shining amidst the leaves; it

was seizing little bits of the day and gently turning them around: the green of the garden, the outline of the window. The law of gravity was waiting for it under the tree, on the black earth, on the hummock. Beady ants were scampering among the hummocks. Newton sat in the garden. There were many causes hidden inside the apple, causes that could determine a multitude of effects. But none of these causes had anything to do with Ponomarev. The apple had become an abstraction to him. And the fact that the flesh of a thing had disappeared while the abstraction remained was painful to him.

"I thought there was no outside world," he mused. "I thought that my eye and my ear ruled things. I thought that the world would cease to exist when I ceased to exist. But I still exist! So why don't the things? I thought that they got their shape, their weight, their color from my brain. But they have left me, leaving behind only useless names, names that pester my brain."

Ponomarev looked at the child nostalgically. The child walked around. Things rushed to meet him. He smiled at them, not knowing any of them by name. He left the room and the magnificent trail of things followed after him.

"Listen," the sick man called out to the child. "Do you know that when I am dead, nothing will be left? They will all be gone—the courtyard, the tree, daddy, mummy.

I'll take everything along with me."

A rat got into the kitchen. Ponomarev listened: the rat was making itself at home. It was rattling the plates, opening the tap, making scraping sounds in the bucket.

"Why, someone must be washing dishes in there," Ponomarev decided.

Immediately he became worried: perhaps the rat had a proper name that people did not know. He started to think what this name could be. He was delirious. As he thought, fear seized him more and more strongly. He knew that at any cost he must stop thinking about the rat's name. But he went on searching for it, knowing that as soon as he found that meaningless, horrifying name, he would die.

"Lyompa!" he suddenly shouted in a terrifying voice.

The house was asleep. It was very early in the morning—just after five. Young Alexander was awake. The kitchen door giving onto the courtyard was open. The sun was still down somewhere.

The dying man was walking around in the kitchen. He was bent forward, his arms stretched out in front of him, his wrists hanging limp. He was going to collect things to take away with him.

Alexander dashed across the courtyard. The model plane flew in front of him. That was the last thing Ponomarev saw.

Later in the day, a blue coffin with yellow ornaments made its appearance in the kitchen. The little

rubber boy stared at it from the corridor, his little hands holding one another behind his back. The coffin had to be turned every which way to get it through the door. It banged against a shelf. Pans fell on the floor. There was a brief shower of plaster. Alexander climbed on the

stove and helped to pull the box through.

When the coffin finally got into the corridor, it immediately became black, and the rubber boy ran along the passage, his feet slapping the floor: "Grandpa! Grandpa! They've brought you a coffin."



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Whatever the size of your vocabulary, it can be enlarged. And one of the best ways to build your stock of words is to learn some of the Latin roots that go to make up thousands of English words.

Agere in Latin means to act, drive, move. From this word and from its past participle *actus*, English has derived many words. Twelve are listed below in Column A. Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

1. transact
2. agile
3. agenda
4. coagulate
5. reaction
6. actuate
7. exacting
8. counteract
9. agitator
10. deactivate
11. virago
12. agency

Column B

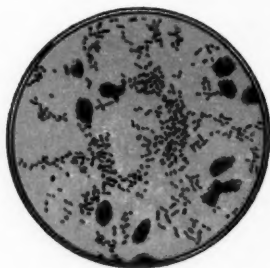
- a) Making severe demands; driving excessively.
- b) To render incapable; to make passive or inert.
- c) Organization empowered to act in behalf of another; instrumentality or means.
- d) To congeal; to "move together"; to solidify.
- e) To move in opposition to; to neutralize.
- f) Quick and easy in moving; deftly nimble.
- g) To act, as on business; to negotiate.
- h) To set or keep in motion; to arouse.
- i) One who moves others to action; apparatus for shaking.
- j) A woman who drives a man; a shrew.
- k) A movement back; response; a counter tendency, especially in politics.
- l) Items to be acted upon, especially at a meeting.

(Answers on page 68)

By Marguerite Clark
*Condensed from "Medicine Today"**

Vanquishing the Viruses

The great breakthrough in polio research gives promise that other scourges may be conquered—even the common cold



NO ONE seems to know what viruses are, but almost everyone has been attacked by one or more of them. "I've had a virus," one victim will say importantly. "It's a virus; you can't do anything about it," declares another.

Scientists and laymen alike are baffled when they attempt to lift the wraps from these elusive bits of matter. This much virologists know: the virus is one of the smallest known living creatures. It is so tiny that it can be seen only under a powerful electron microscope. Unlike ordinary germs, such as those which cause pneumonia, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and typhoid, the virus cannot reproduce on its own. To multiply, it must find a "host."

Almost every living thing is vulnerable to virus attack. Some of man's most stubborn ailments—smallpox, poliomyelitis, rabies, yellow fever, typhus, mumps, measles, chicken pox, infectious hepatitis, sleeping

sickness, influenza, and the common cold are virus diseases. Besides, viruses cause foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, distemper in cats and dogs, hog cholera in swine, psittacosis in parrots, flacherie in silkworm, spotted wilt in tomatoes, curly top in beets, and leaf roll in potatoes.

The virus particle contains two chemical substances. The bulk of it is protein, with a smaller amount of nucleic acid. Protein coats and protects the vital core of nucleic acid. The nucleic acid is responsible for the infection of the cell, and for the duplication of the virus.

Outside the cell, viruses do not "live" in the sense that ordinary germs do. In its original form, the virus is a scrap of chemical substance, "showing no more sign of life than a grain of sugar," says Prof. Ernest C. Pollard, of Yale university. "A virus can inject itself into a cell in as little as one-tenth of a second," he says. "Once there, it becomes in-

*© 1960 by Marguerite Clark, and reprinted with permission of Funk & Wagnalls, 153 E. 24th St., New York City 10. 360 pp. \$4.95.

tensely alive, so much so that a gram of virus produces energy equivalent to that produced by five men."

Because of this strange shift from inertness to activity, the virus provides the first link between the world of life and the world of inanimate things. "Viruses make it necessary to redefine what we mean by 'life,'" comments Dr. Wendell M. Stanley, of the University of California at Berkeley. "There no longer seems to be a clear-cut boundary between the living and the nonliving."

What does a virus look like? Although some 300 viruses have been identified, the little organisms have no uniform shape or size. Some are rods, others spheres, still others cubes, tadpoles, or ovals. The smallpox virus is shaped like an oblong cough drop. The smallest viruses are the polio and yellow-fever organisms. The head of a pin can hold 25 million polio viruses.

Because they hide out within the host cells, viruses are hard to destroy. Penicillin, the sulfas, and other antibiotics which kill bacteria have no effect on virus ailments. By the time a virus is diagnosed, a great many body cells have been infected.

In 1892, Dmitri Iwanowski, a Russian botanist, filtered the juice from a tobacco plant which had the disease called "tobacco mosaic." He called a particle in the juice, which was small enough to pass through the pores of a porcelain filter, "a contagious living thing." For 40 years, Iwanowski's discovery went unnotic-

ed. Then in 1935, Dr. Wendell M. Stanley separated a substance from the tobacco mosaic and crystallized, for the first time, a pure virus. His discovery opened the door on the virus processes, and stimulated research in other viruses.

Since 1957, when Asian flu struck the U.S., most virus research has been mobilized against this disease. The villain behind that epidemic was a popcornlike speck about 80 millimicrons in diameter. (A millimicron is one-millionth of a millimeter; a millimeter is 1/25th of an inch.)

But isolation of the Asian-flu virus did not set the scientists at ease. "The influenza family of viruses is extremely unstable," says Dr. K. E. Jensen, U.S. Public Health service virologist. "It is constantly changing, and that makes it a very interesting—and dangerous—family."

Influenza's most disastrous change occurred in 1918. Flu had been recognized for 100 years as a distressing but seldom fatal disease. But in that year it swept across the world, leaving 20 million victims dead. Why the mild strain of flu suddenly became lethal is not known. Back in 1918, there were no laboratory techniques to preserve the fatal strain.

Thus far, U.S. scientists are not sure what causes a virus to change and trigger an epidemic. Dr. Maurice R. Hilleman, of the Walter Reed Institute of Research, who isolated the Asian-flu virus, thinks that slight differences in its protein coating

are responsible. "Because of these changes, we must sleep with one eye open when influenza is concerned," says Dr. Hilleman. "The slightest change in the chemical make-up of the Asian-flu virus might make it a virulent menace. Ordinarily, virus changes are gradual; during epidemics, they can be fast and spectacular."

Besides probing the mystery of how viruses change, U.S. Public Health service virologists are also investigating the manner by which they reproduce within a cell. Apparently the virus does not reproduce by "splitting" as bacteria do. The latest theory is that the virus penetrates the cell wall and forces the cell to use its own machinery to develop a new colony of viruses. As Dr. Hilleman describes it, "the cell gets a new board of directors." At the same time, the new colony of viruses forces the cell to manufacture an enzyme, virolysin, which attacks a sugarlike substance which holds the cell together. The cell wall then explodes, and the viruses pour into the neighboring cells.

Up to now, the only weapon against a virus is a vaccine. The development of the successful Salk vaccine against polio, according to Dr. Thomas Rivers, scientist with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, "has opened up a field of research in other virus diseases that stirs the imagination."

More than 40 million Americans have had at least one Salk shot, 20 million have had two, and 7 million

all three shots. Results show that the Salk vaccine, a "dead" serum in which polio viruses are killed with formalin, is safe and at least 75% effective against paralytic poliomyelitis. Statistics for 1956 show the polio rate 57% lower than the average for the previous five years.

But this "killed" virus vaccine, though preventing the crippling of thousands of children, was not the final answer. What was needed was a live, weakened-virus vaccine, similar to those used for smallpox and yellow fever. The live vaccine costs less; it is easy to administer in syrup, spray, or pill; it provides longer immunity; it protects not only against paralyzing polio, as the Salk vaccine does, but against *all* polio infection.

For more than ten years, researchers have been experimenting with "live viruses." But results were obtained only after slow, steady, cautious research, and wide-scale human tests.

Three "live" polio vaccines have been developed in this country. 1. Dr. Albert Savin, of the University of Cincinnati, has one which has been tried out on 3.8 million Russians, 143,000 Czechoslovakians, 200,000 people in Singapore, and 2.5 million Mexicans. 2. A strain made by Dr. Hilary Koprowski, of the Wistar institute, Philadelphia, already has been used in mass inoculations of 320,000 in the Belgian Congo. 3. Dr. Herald Cox, of the Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River, N. J., tested yet another strain on selected

groups of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., school children.

Until 1960, none of the three strains was tried on a mass scale in the U.S. The biggest reason was that a large percentage of the U.S. population already had been vaccinated with the Salk "killed" product.

Though polio seems to be on the way out, the most prevalent virus ailment of all, the common cold, still defies science.

To be accurate, there is no such thing as "the common cold." Today "a virus" is the layman's pat term for any number of respiratory symptoms, such as chills, fever, stuffy or running noses, sneezes, and cough. Because of the victim's lowered resistance, the playful germs—streptococci, staphylococci, and diplococci—may infiltrate into his nose and throat, and the illness may be classified as bronchitis, laryngitis, or pharyngitis. The sufferer may not even have a cold at all, but an allergy. About a third of all colds clear up within 24 hours.

The respiratory infection may be pneumonia, once a dangerous killer, but now robbed of its sting by antibiotics. "Too bad you haven't pneumonia," a doctor told his patient. "I could cure it with penicillin or Terramycin. But there's no specific for the common cold."

Or the patient may even have a psychological cold. The nose reacts sensitively to emotional tantrums: nasal passages close, delicate membranes swell, and the nose runs free-

ly. Before he knows it, the upset person has a full-fledged respiratory condition.

Whatever this ubiquitous ailment is called, it is very *common* indeed. Two out of three persons have three attacks a year, costing about \$25 apiece. Two out of eight have four colds. Women catch cold more easily than men; children under ten have about twice as many colds as the age group over 20. Farmers have more colds than indoor workers, and office personnel have more than factory workers. People working in air-conditioned offices and plants have few attacks. Colds are more prevalent in the Middle West than in any other part of the country; Chicago has the highest big-city incidence. People who live in the mild coastal areas have fewer attacks than those in sections of great seasonal variations.

For centuries, changes in weather have been blamed for colds. Seneca, writing in *De Providentia* in 41 A.D., warned that "the man who has always had glazed windows to shield him from a draft, whose feet have been kept warm by hot applications from time to time . . . will run a great risk if he is brushed by a gentle breeze." Some doctors believe that wintry weather brings on colds because we shut ourselves in warm, stuffy rooms, perspire freely, and then go out in the cold without proper protection.

This much is known: the largest number of colds occur in October. There is a second peak in January

and February, and a third in March. But intensely cold weather does not cause colds. Eskimos seldom have them.

Colds are highly contagious. They are transmitted by a group of viruses so small that they pass right through the finest filters. One brisk sneeze can shoot 20,000 virus-laden droplets as far as 15 feet at a speed of 150 feet per second. After half an hour, 4,000 of the droplets will still be in the air. You can catch cold before your close companion knows he has one. You can be passing colds to others two days before you are aware of your ailment.

Cold-research progress has been exceptionally slow and tedious. The chimpanzee is the only animal besides human beings susceptible to colds. The chimp costs about \$600; he is temperamental about being used in cold experiments; and he is likely to catch pneumonia along with the cold. So researchers have had to rely on human volunteers to test their theories. And drastic experiments cannot be made on man.

Out of all the research being done all over the world, scientists have formed a new concept of the common cold. "This is a problem of multiple respiratory disease caused by several different agents," says Dr. Robert J. Huebner, of the National

Institutes of Health. "The problem is not going to be solved by taking up arms against a fictitious thing called the 'common cold.' The 30 or more viruses we have isolated may account for a substantial part of respiratory infections. If a multiple-strain vaccine, containing all the known 'cold' viruses, could be developed, many colds could be prevented."

This goal has not yet been reached. Until the vaccines are announced, what shall we do? Unfortunately, complete rest, the best treatment for a cold, is too simple for popularity. Everyone has his pet cure. An aviator recommends a plane flight at 20,000 feet of rarefied atmosphere. An officer in the Indian army prefers a dish of curry, "the hotter the curry, the quicker the cure." Many like homely remedies, such as honey and onions; syrups of garlic and brown sugar; white-wine vinegar and stick licorice; or grease, turpentine, and mustard plasters on the chest. A celebrated specialist advocates "two dozen soft linen handkerchiefs."

There is still no official "cure," declares the American Medical association. "No known pill, salve, gargle, or nose drops can even help prevent this malady." In the opinion of one doctor, "Untreated colds last seven days, and carefully treated colds, a week."



Since television, old movies never die—no matter how long ago they were shot.

Ida Tiritilli.

By Herm Sittard
*Condensed from the Minneapolis "Star"**

Named for Nazareth

St. Paul's minor seminary aims at being a place to prepare for the making of a decision

TOM STEGER, a tall, thin 17-year-old with blue eyes and light brown hair, is studying for the priesthood. He hasn't reached the major seminary yet; he is at Nazareth Hall, the minor seminary of the Archdiocese of St. Paul.

Tom is up early every morning—even earlier than the other boys, for he is sacristan. His alarm goes off at a quarter of six. While the others are dressing, Tom walks to the crypt beneath the school chapel to lay out vestments and to prepare water and wine cruets for the Masses of the faculty priests.

Most of the 16 faculty members, all of them priests, offer their Masses each morning at altars in the crypt. Students attend the community Mass in the chapel on the main floor.

When the tower bell rings the Angelus at 6:30 A.M., the other students are on their knees in chapel. After Mass and Communion, the students walk to the dining room for breakfast. Breakfast over, they go back to their rooms and dormitories on the 2nd and 3rd floors to make beds and gather books for the first class.

At 8:10 Tom is in Latin class with 33 other high-school seniors. Automatic bells ring 50 minutes later, and Tom heads for his room to study. The bells punctuate the day at regular intervals as he attends classes in religion, English, and French.

Classes continue till 3 P.M. Then Tom and the other students run to the ball field behind the main building. Tom plays softball most afternoons, except for an occasional weekend when he is allowed to go home for a family visit.

Tom is the oldest of nine children in the William Steger family. The



*425 Portland Ave., Minneapolis 15, Minn. May 25, 1960. © 1960 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., and reprinted with permission.

others are Bill, 15; Dan, 12; Jim, nine; Bob, six; Mary, five; John, four; Theresa, two; and Carla Marie, eight months.

On weekends for visitors at the Hall, Tom's folks drive out to see him. It's about a 40-minute drive from their suburban home. As they approach the spacious grounds, they see a brick tower topping the surrounding woods. They drive between brick pillars supporting a wrought-iron arch lettered "Nazareth Hall," and follow a blacktop road through oak woods.

Suddenly, at the crest of a hill, they come out of the woods above a large clearing. Beyond it, down a long slope, lie the buildings on the west shore of Lake Johanna. The great tower they had seen from the highway dominates the building cluster.

The late Archbishop Austin Dowling of St. Paul, who founded Nazareth Hall, took great personal interest in it. Before his death in 1930, he spent much of his time there. He commissioned Sidney Woollett to carve a statue representing Christ as a boy in his teens. Woollett's marble statue stands in a niche along the main corridor where every student passes it frequently. Archbishop Dowling loved to meditate on Christ's boyhood at Nazareth, and he conceived of the minor seminary as a "second Nazareth."

In these quiet surroundings, students devote six years to intensive classical education. Here is what

Tom Steger studied in high school: Latin, four years (five classes a week); English, four years; history, three years; French, two years; and a year each of general science, sociology and government, physics, algebra, geometry, and general math; and four-year courses in religion and Gregorian chant.

Ahead of Tom in the junior-college division are two more years of Latin, two of German, two years each of English, Greek, speech, religion and chant; a year each of science, history of civilization, and the social encyclicals of the Popes.

Msgr. James F. Cecka, rector, says that the object of the course of studies "is to prepare a young man spiritually, intellectually, and socially so he can make mature decisions about his future.

"The classical curriculum," he says, "has proved its worth through centuries of scholarship. It has certain advantages in preparing the student for any future profession, for research, and for graduate work. It provides the foundation for long-range education." Thus, students who for one reason or another do not go on to the major seminary find themselves well equipped to pursue other vocations.

During the 20's and 30's, Nazareth Hall was out in the country, surrounded by farms. But during the postwar building boom, the suburbs moved out to surround the 90-acre campus.

During winter, the boys keep sev-

eral rinks shoveled clear on the ice of Lake Johanna. In spring and fall, they pull on hip boots and try fly casting from shallow water.

Although outdoor recreation is scheduled from 3 P.M. to 4:40 P.M. most days, the students have ample time for visiting or sports on week-ends.

Following afternoon recreation, they study for an hour; then recite the Rosary in chapel before dinner. In the evening, it's more study from

7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M. High-school students have to be in bed by 9:30, college students by 10.

When Tom Steger's class has finished another two years at Nazareth, they will study philosophy two years at the St. Paul seminary and receive a Bachelor of Arts degree. Then come four years of theology.

After 12 years of preparation, Tom and his classmates finally will be ready for ordination to the priesthood.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

When I was a little girl, a benefit entertainment was given in our Southern community for the local ucv's (United Confederate Veterans). I was asked to give a recitation.

I chose a hoary thriller, *The Ride of Jenny McNeill*, which tells the story of a youthful, feminine Paul Revere who rode a fiery gray horse through the night to warn the people. For several days my mother coached me. My small sister, Helen, sat close by drinking it all in.

On the night of the benefit I walked out onto the stage, curtsied, and began my recitation. I gave it all I had, and felt that I was really making a hit.

I reached the climax. "And into the night the black horse strode!" I proclaimed dramatically.

"No, no!" little Helen's piercing voice called from the audience. "It was a gray horse, Katty!"

The crowd roared. Covered with shame, I gasped out the few remaining lines. Then I fled weeping homeward, where I soon had poor Helen, who had only meant to be helpful, reduced to tears, too.

Just when our lamentations were at their loudest, we heard a knock at the door. A delivery boy handed in a five-pound box of candy, with a note from the ucv commander. It read: "To Miss Katherine, for her outstanding rendition of *The Ride of Jenny McNeill*. I have never enjoyed a recitation of this poem so much before."

My hurt was healed. I even forgave Helen, and shared my spoils with her. Looking back now, I realize that the gallant, tactful general who wrote that note was no doubt speaking the exact truth.

Katherine Haas.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Never trust a shark

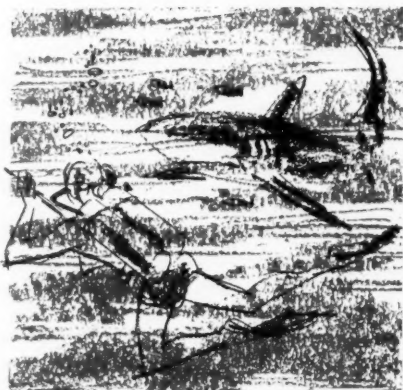
This mindless killer is no blunderer and no coward

ON COASTLINES the world around, the cry, "Shark!" sends swimmers tumbling to shore. Voices take up the chant, and it is carried mile upon mile. The swimmers stand staring at the water. Later, they may swim again, but not so far out as before. Children invent a game called shark, and lunge at each other in the shallows. They will play it for days, and for days it will unsettle their elders.

On the high seas the cry, "Shark!" rouses the off watch, and baited lines are put over the side. If a shark is caught and hoisted aboard, writes Jan de Hartog in *A Sailor's Life*, "the aft deck turns into a slaughterhouse. The men go berserk in a prehistoric orgy of fury. When the orgy is over, there is a bewildered sense of shame."

In his fear and hatred of sharks, in his morbid curiosity about them, man tends to be more emotional than reasonable. The danger from sharks at times has been exaggerated; still, their capacity as man-killers is well documented.

In the spring of 1959, in San Fran-



cisco bay a shark killed 18-year-old Albert Kogler.† Five weeks later, in La Jolla cove, north of San Diego, 33-year-old Robert Pamperin, a Convair engineer, was eaten by a shark. In the last tragic moments Pamperin's diving buddy saw only this: silhouetted against a bright bottom 25 feet down was a 20-foot shark, jerking its head from side to side, Pamperin's body protruding from its mouth. In mid-August an army lieutenant, James Neal, disappeared while skin-diving off Panama City, Fla. A shark is suspect: searchers found only tooth-scarred equipment.

Every day of his life, a man is

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Aug. '59, p. 129.

*540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Feb. 22, 1960. © 1960 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

safer in water with sharks than in a car on the highway, but that thought is no help to the man who sees a fin break the water. Man has learned to live with fire, flood, and automobiles; he still has a profound aversion to being eaten.

Of the shark, it can be fairly said that to know him is to love him less. The shark most often moves slowly, but he can move fast. He often plays the coward, yet he can be bold. At times he seems an oafish blunderer, but actually the shark is an accomplished hunter, mindlessly lethal.

Most sharks favor the tropics and subtropics. Yet there is a resident shark in almost every nook and cranny of the oceans, even in Arctic waters, where the Greenland shark lies drowsily under the floes.

Sharks roam a thousand miles up the Ganges, Tigris, and Zambesi rivers, and one species lives in Lake Nicaragua. Opinion is divided on whether *nicaraguensis* is landlocked or has access to the sea in the San Juan river. In any case, the Nicaraguans wish it would go away, for it is a man-killer.

In size, sharks range from a foot long to the 45-foot whale shark. The whale shark has more than 4,000 teeth, but he lives by straining from the water clouds of plankton and other nourishing minutiae. He is monumentally phlegmatic. Now and then a ship rams one, and a 40-foot whale shark off Lower California put up no fuss when it was boarded by a party of divers led by Conrad

Limbaugh of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

"By swimming hard," Limbaugh relates, "our group of four with swim fins could keep up with the shark. We clambered onto it, looking it over closely, even looking into its mouth. It showed no sign of concern except when we bothered its face. Then it slowly dived out of sight. But it would return to the surface, and we would climb aboard again."

Ichthyologists are in fair agreement that shark eyesight is poor. At Marineland, Fla., a diver in the exhibition tank once shoved aside an advancing shark. The shark swam head-on into a pile of rock and bit it.

The shark's sense of hearing is adequate. It responds quickly to vibrations such as a faltering fish or swimmer sends out. But more than anything, the shark hunts by following his supersensitive nose to his quarry.

On windless days, when the sea is slick and the current slight, fishermen see sharks picking up a scent more than a quarter mile away.

The shark is virtually covered with teeth. His whole body is plated with close-set denticles, which, like his true teeth, sprout from the epidermal layer and are coated with dentine or enamel. This leads to the moot question of whether the shark's teeth are skin or his skin teeth. Regardless, the skin is tough. Shagreen, old-time cabinetmakers named it, and it made fine sandpaper. It can

turn a diver's spear and burr a sharp knife.

The sharks are mighty hunters, but not murderers. None of them has brains enough for cunning or treachery. They live by instinct and conditioned reflex; their favored quarry is the creature in distress, the straggler, the hurt and the unfit, whether it be fish or fowl, man or dog. Off the Kenya coast last November a thirst-crazed elephant stampeded into the ocean and was done in by sharks.

The shark preys on the living but takes also the dead, the long dead, and the rubbish of the sea. He scavenges at times with the voracity of a deranged goat, eating wood and rocks, bottles, paper cups and tin cans. The stomach of a shark caught in the Adriatic yielded three overcoats, a raincoat, and an automobile license plate. In 1799, when the U.S. and Britain were involved in a maritime spat, the American brig *Nancy* was hauled into Port Royal, Jamaica, to be condemned in court as a war prize. The American captain had thrown his papers overboard, and in court claimed neutrality based on false papers. The prosecution produced the real papers, taken from the stomach of a tiger shark.

Unquestionably the No. 1 killer is the great white shark, a strong, fast, and intemperate fish that at times attacks small boats seemingly out of pure whimsy. The great white is found almost everywhere but, as sharks go, it is not abundant—and

that is a blessing. The largest game fish ever caught on rod and reel was a 16-foot, ten-inch, 2,664-pound white shark, a record not likely to stand forever, for white sharks are known to run over 20 feet.

The Pacific mako, a near relation of the great white, is a killer, but it rarely invades the shallows used by man. The tiger shark, because of its abundance over a vast range, actually causes more trouble than the great white shark. The tiger feeds in shallows and out to 200 fathoms, just about everywhere in temperate and tropic waters. In the Atlantic the lemon shark, like the tiger, is often found inshore, in shallow estuaries, uncomfortably close to boating and bathing areas.

Another killer is the fresh-water shark, *nicaraguensis*. Its cousin, *gangeticus*, ranges the Indian ocean and far up into the rivers. The white-tip shark, of the same genus, is a particular worry to castaways on the open waters. The white-tip rarely visits inside the 100-fathom curve, but in the tropics it pretty much has the open ocean to itself, investigating, bumping every floating object, and taking whatever is reasonably digestible.

A wise swimmer knows that any new stretch of water should be investigated carefully. He knows, too, that in bad areas the shallows can be more dangerous than the middle of the Gulf Stream, for sharks have killed people in water barely two feet deep. In clear water the skin-

diver can be more venturesome than a swimmer, but he has little advantage in murky water.

Water containing garbage is chancy, for it makes sharks more competitive and witlessly bold. Water with a trace of blood can be dangerous (blood of a wounded whale may have attracted the large shark that ate Robert Pamperin in La Jolla cove last year). There are still spearmen who foolishly carry their fish on a string rather than boating them immediately. Even having a taint of fish on the hands may bring a shark.

Over the years, men have found that blowing bubbles, shouting, and

kicking have sometimes deterred sharks and sometimes not. Whatever the percentages, once the shark has committed itself to move in, all such protests are worth while, for often a shark heading in fast has been turned by a very feeble gesture. The buddy system—never swimming alone—though not always effective, is still a sound practice.

For the timid sportsman and the overanxious parent, one bit of advice is worth stating. For anyone taking logical precautions the shark risk is far less than dozens of others any wholesome man takes in his average pleasures.



KID STUFF

On the second day of school, little Tommy brought a letter to his 1st-grade teacher. It was from Tommy's mother, and read as follows.

"Dear Sister: My son Tommy is a very timid, delicate, and nervous child. If he should ever be naughty—a thing that has occurred at home more than once—I wish you to punish the boy sitting next to him. That will frighten Tommy enough so that he will behave himself."

S.G.

*

The teacher had told the class to write an essay on "Income Tax."

One small boy seemed puzzled by the assignment. He taxed his brain to the utmost, and at length wrote the following. "I have a dog, his name is Tax. I open the door, and income Tax."

G.S.

*

I was dismissing my class at 3 P.M. when I was attracted by a head of flaming red curls poking out of a parked auto window. Going over to the curb, I looked into a pair of blue eyes and remarked, "Where did you get that pretty red hair?"

Without hesitation the little girl replied, "It came with my head."

S.C.C.



?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 North Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minnesota.

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: I'm writing this letter in response to your invitation in the preface to your feature *What Would You Like to Know About the Church?* The Catholic Church teaches that the only true religion is the Catholic one; however, I failed to see any reference to the word *Catholic* in either the first or second Testament.

I would be interested in knowing who first used the word, and when.

Mrs. J. Sokolowski.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

What's in a name, Mrs. Sokolowski? Wouldn't you still be the same person if I decided to call you Mrs. Smith? You were once Miss Somebody, and your identity did not change when you acquired your husband's name.

In the earliest days apparently the organization which Jesus had established was called simply "the Church." It had no rivals; so it didn't need a surname. Then out of reverence it came to be known as "Holy Church"; and

it was so designated in the earliest versions of the Apostles Creed.

As far as we know, St. Ignatius of Antioch was the first to apply the adjective *catholic* to the Church. In a letter which he wrote about the year 110 he used the Greek word *katholikos*, which means universal or general. By that time the religion of Christ had spread widely, and St. Ignatius may have meant his word *catholic* to designate the worldwide Church. Many think,

however, that he used it in the sense of "one and only"—the true Church. Anyway, it soon came to have that meaning: the catholic Church was the true Church of Christ, as distinguished from various heresies of those early days.

At first *catholic* was just a common adjective, of the type we use without a capital letter. Gradually it came to have a specific, technical meaning—the one-and-only Church of Christ; gradually it became a proper name, in much the same way in which men have acquired surnames in the course of history: the miller and the smith became Mr. Miller and Mr. Smith.

The word *Catholic* first began to appear in the Apostles' Creed about 357: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church . . ." This wording is still used by most Christians today.

In the centuries prior to the Eastern Schism the name Catholic simply designated a true Christian—one not a heretic. Then it acquired a more specific meaning: it was opposed to the "Orthodox." And finally, after the Reformation, it became even more restrictive, especially when written with a capital letter: it designates principally that Church which has its headquarters in Rome, with the Pope as its head. This is especially true in Europe, where the adjective *Roman* is considered superfluous.

However, the name is also used today to designate several non-

Roman churches which claim historical continuity with the Catholic Church of earlier centuries, for example, Anglo-Catholics and Old Catholics.

This same word is often used by Protestants today—always with a small *c*—to designate that undivided Christian Church of early centuries—the one which gave us the New Testament, the martyrs, and the catacombs. And sometimes *Catholic* is used rather loosely to embrace the conglomerate diversity of churches which we find in the world today—all claiming to be the Church of Jesus Christ.

IT MIGHT SEEM, Mrs. Sokolowski, that I have answered your question; but I ask you to read on, because there is little meaning in a name unless we know the reality which it designates. You say in your question that we Catholics believe our religion to be the only true one. I want to explain why, and to give you an idea of what we mean by the Church. It is a notion quite different from that which most Protestants have. When we are giving instructions in Catholic doctrine we often find Protestants agreeing with us through the early lessons on God, creation, the Incarnation, and Redemption; this is just what they learned in Sunday school. But we warn them to wait until we get to the Church; then they will hear something new.

To understand the Church we

must keep in mind the purposes for which God became man: for which Jesus Christ lived, preached, died on the cross, and rose from the dead. The Church continues those same purposes and makes them effective in the life of each of us.

Jesus came to redeem and sanctify all men, of every land and time. He said He was the way, the truth, and the life; He opens the way for us to get to heaven, provides the truth to lead us there, and shares his life with us that we may live with Him for eternity.

Too many people have a vague sort of notion that the work of Jesus was finished after He had redeemed us by his death on the cross; they forget that his graces cannot be effective in our individual souls unless we receive them. They are not forced upon us against our will. So we must be taught the truths of Christ that we may be prepared to receive Him; the way must be pointed out to us; and we must be brought into union with Jesus that his life may flow to us.

The Church is the means our Saviour uses to continue on earth the work He began at Bethlehem and on Calvary: our sanctification and salvation. On Ascension day He left this old world in his visible, human form; but through his Church He remains with us in a real and effective manner, extending Himself to all lands and all centuries.

This is what we mean when we say that the Church is the mystical

Body of Christ. It is a new form of body, continuing the work of his physical Body; it reaches out in a spiritual way and embraces all of us who are members of it, giving us the teachings, guidance, and graces which Jesus bequeathed to us while on earth.

The Church is a means of sanctification precisely adapted to our human nature. We are social beings, dependent on our fellow men for most of our normal needs; we are born, raised, fed, and educated by parents, community, and state. Why should things be different in our spiritual life? Should we not learn our faith, receive guidance, and take spiritual nourishment with the help of others: parents, teachers, and priests who make up the Church of Christ, and serve as agents of the Master in leading us to God?

We are human beings, not angels. We have both body and soul. God made us this way; so it is not likely that He would ignore our bodies in the process of our sanctification. We learn naturally through our senses. Would He teach us divine truths otherwise? And normally we learn by having others teach us.

Nothing can make an impression on us unless it comes to us through our senses. Our sanctification should be impressive; we should be aware of it, that we may appreciate it and cooperate with it. Would the wise Master choose a means of sanctification which could never reach our minds and hearts sensibly?

Considerations like these convince us that we need the Church for our salvation, and that Jesus, wishing to save us effectively, must have established it. But how do we know that He actually did establish it?

This is asking the question backwards. Actually we know about Jesus only through the Church. As we go back through history we find the Church first, and it leads us to the Master, who established it and remains its head. We reach Him because his Apostles followed his command to preach his Gospel. He wrote nothing Himself, and apparently nothing was written about Him for a score of years after his death. The Apostles, the leaders of the early Church, provided in their preaching the material from which the Gospels were written, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

YOU MAY WELL agree, Mrs. Sokolowski, that the Church was there, active and growing in those first decades after Christ. But how do we know that He established it? Maybe it just grew up to fill a need.

The Apostles are the key to the establishment of the Church. Next after Jesus Himself, they form the most prominent feature of the Gospels. Why are they there? Were they merely friends and companions? Did they follow the Master about to provide a claque?

During the course of his ministry Jesus assigned the Apostles definite



THE SECRET OF CHARTREUSE

The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The secret recipe of this liqueur has been closely guarded since 1605 by the Monks in a secluded French monastery. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice—does delicious things to ice cream or fruit.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y., Dept. X



functions. He taught them, trained them, gave them a part of his ministry, the daily benefit of his example, and friendship.

To them was given the privilege of understanding the secrets of the kingdom of God. They were told to go out and make disciples of all nations, and to preach the Gospel to all creatures. They were given authority to govern the flock of Christ, to bind and loose, to feed the lambs and tend the sheep. They were told to baptize and to forgive sins.

Jesus sent his Apostles out to minister to the people of Israel, gave them specific instructions for their mission, and had them report their success to him on their return. He promised that He would remain with them all days, even to the end of the world; and that He would send the Holy Spirit, who would teach them and help them to remember all they were to teach.

Jesus told his Apostles that He was sending them just as He had been sent by the Father. They were to teach their disciples to observe all that He had commanded, and "he who hears you hears Me; and he who rejects you, rejects Me."

The Apostles evidently realized that they had a definite mission to perform, to carry on the work of the Master; and as soon as the Holy Spirit came on them at Pentecost they started preaching, baptizing, ministering, and organizing. The book called the Acts of the Apostles tells how the Twelve put into effect

the commands of Jesus; it is the history of the early Church.

We believe that the true Church of Christ—call it what you will—must be the Church of the Apostles. No church can be that of Christ unless it dates back to Him. He did not establish his Church by delayed reaction; we see it functioning right after the Holy Spirit came on it.

That Church which Peter preached in Jerusalem and which Paul established at Antioch is the same one which we know from the catacombs in Rome, the one which grew from a persecuted sect to the official religion of the Empire. It gradually acquired the name Catholic, and is still around today using that same name.

It is bigger today, better organized, has developed its doctrines and polished its ceremonies, but it has never moved from the Rock of Peter on which Christ built it. It is like a gnarled but thriving old oak which still grows from the same roots it had 20 centuries ago as a sapling. It still has the same cell composition, the same vitality, the same essential nature. It is the mystical Body of Christ now, just as it was then.

For more than 1900 years this same Church has been preaching Christ's Gospel, offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, distributing the sacraments, giving guidance and admonitions, and fighting for its life in a world of indifference and persecution. At no point in its harried history can you find any break in its

Apostolic succession, in the continuity of its Popes, bishops, teachings, or membership. Now and again some of its members have left, but that simply meant that they were outside the Church, which was still there as before. Often its properties have been confiscated by the state or turned over to heretical sects. But a man who is injured or robbed does not lose his identity thereby.

This continuity of the Church, its identity with the Church of the Apostles, is one of the marks by which we identify it as the Church of Christ. Change its name, if you wish; it will remain the true Church as long as it is the body of which Christ is the head, as long as the Pope is successor of Peter, as long as its bishops are faithful disciples of the Apostles.

MAYBE I LABOR my point, Mrs. Sokolowski, but we recognize the Church of Christ not so much by its name as by the marks of its resemblance to the Church which Jesus established on the Apostles. I have pointed out one such mark: Apostolicity. There are others which I do not have space to develop for you now; I will just mention them briefly.

Unity. Jesus established only one Church; He taught only one doctrine; He provided one Redemption for all men; He has only one heaven to which we are all invited. He prayed that his disciples might all be one—even as He was one with the

Father and the Holy Spirit. He talked of one sheepfold, one flock, and one shepherd. His own sanctifying body should not be split up into contending bits.

Any observer must recognize that the hundreds of sects of today, vying and disputing with each other, condemning, suspecting, and deriding each other, do not represent the true Church of the loving Master. We believe that only the Catholic Church has the unity of doctrine, worship, and organization which the mystical Body of Christ should have.

Universality. Jesus died for all men; He does not exclude any race, class, or group from his graces. He told his Apostles to preach to all nations, to make disciples of all men, and to teach them to observe all things He commanded. One of the principal reasons our Church is called Catholic is that it fulfills these requirements of universality so well. And it is the only one to meet them. The word *catholic* means universal.

Holiness. The body of Christ must surely be holy, because its head is holy and its purpose is holy. But this is not a clear and conclusive mark like the others, because natural goodness can often be mistaken for sanctity; and it is not the policy of the Saviour to erect barriers to the flow of his graces; partial faith, good intentions, and generous love may attach nonmembers to the Church by bonds of sanctifying desire, so that holiness shows in them.

Then, too, the human element in

the Church, the perversity of individuals, often obscures the basic sanctity of the organization. You have to know the Church well to appreciate the holiness in her doctrines, her religious practices, and her sacraments, and the striving dedication of many of her members. Her roster of great saints gives a clue.

Durability. By promise of Christ the Church is imperishable. He will remain with her until the end of the world, and the gates of hell will not prevail against her. That Church which we call Catholic is the only one which has lasted out the centuries with growing size and vigor.

From all this, Mrs. Sokolowski, you may sense how different is our concept of the Church. It is an ex-

ternal, functioning, visible organization, with teaching and governing authority.

The Church has tangible instruments to be used in our sanctification, the Mass and the sacraments. By our membership in this Church we are spiritually grafted onto the mystical Body of Christ in such way that we share the life of its head, our divine Redeemer.

There is another important phase of the question which I have not been able to touch upon. Peter, the Rock, had a basic role in the foundation of the Church, and his successors in office are the key to its unity, sanctity, catholicity, and durability—as well as the most obvious sign of its Apostolicity. Maybe we can talk of that another time.

In Our Parish

In our parish, I was helping with Confessions, and wondering why so few penitents came to me. The other confessor had a large number of people waiting in his line.

When I left the confessional I discovered the explanation. Over each confessional was inscribed a brief paraphrase of a scriptural verse, presumably considered appropriate. Over the other confessional was written, "Thy sins are forgiven," but over mine, "Thy sins are retained." Charles Connors, C.S.Sp.

In our parish, my wife was away on retreat one Sunday, so it was I who herded our four children home from Mass. As we passed the rectory, the assistant pastor asked the children, "Where's your mom this morning?"

Our five-year-old proudly replied, "Oh, she's got a religious vocation!"

Charles E. Watts.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20.00 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

LEADING MAGAZINES AT SAVINGS UP TO 50% OF NEWSSTAND PRICE

Just think—you can order magazines like McCall's at 17-1/2¢ a copy instead of 35¢—TIME at 7-1/3¢—SATURDAY EVENING POST at 8¢—and more than 30 others just as attractive.

Brought to you by the Catholic Digest Better Magazine Club

What is the Better Magazine Club? It was formed by THE CATHOLIC DIGEST to stimulate the reading of healthy, wholesome magazines... and to offer an easy way to place your subscription orders through one convenient source.

- **Select your favorite magazines:** Look over this list. You'll find leading magazines in each field... sports, TV, news, home-decorating, gardening. *Compare these savings:* →
- **Choose no more than 4 magazines:** This is such an unusual offer that we must limit each buyer to no more than 4 magazines.
- **No risk to you:** There is no need to pay now. You pay only after your first copy arrives. If you don't agree that this is the best bargain in wholesome reading you have ever seen, you may cancel and receive a refund for the unused part of your subscription.
- **No extra fees:** There are no membership dues nor extra costs. You are not required to buy a specific number of magazines a year... you buy only what you want, when you want. The Better Magazine Club is simply a plan to serve you.

Catholic Digest Better Magazine Club

Dept. PK, 2959 North Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn. Enroll me as full member in the Catholic Digest Better Magazine Club—at no cost. Send me the following magazines and bill me at special member's prices. I may cancel if I wish, for refund of unused amount.

(Magazines)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Send me free information about ordering Christmas gifts.

MAGAZINE	ISSUES	PRICE	YOU SAVE
American Girl	15	\$2.00	\$1.75
American Home	24	3.00	3.00
Calling All Girls	12	2.89	1.31*
Children's Digest	12	2.89	1.31
Field & Stream	15	2.20	2.18
Flower Grower	17	2.77	2.18
Golf	10	3.50	1.50*
Good Housekeeping	24	3.98	2.02
Harper's Bazaar	24	6.00	1.50
Harper's Magazine	13	3.90	3.90*
House Beautiful	24	6.00	6.00*
House & Garden	14	3.78	3.22*
Humpty Dumpty	12	2.89	1.31
Ingenue	16	2.80	2.80*
Living for Young Homem'krs.	14	2.45	2.22
McCall's	15	2.63	2.62*
Modern Photography	12	2.00	2.00
Motor Trend	18	3.60	2.70*
Newsweek	44	3.37	1.71
Outdoor Life	12	1.97	1.43
Parents' Magazine	18	2.68	2.57
Popular Boating	10	2.65	2.35*
Popular Gardening	15	2.20	2.18
Popular Mechanics	20	2.98	2.85
Saturday Evening Post	60	4.79	4.21
Saturday Review	52	3.88	3.12
Sports Afield	20	2.98	2.85
Sports Illustrated	23	1.97	1.34
Time	27	1.97	1.66
Today's Health	16	2.00	2.00
Town & Country	22	8.50	8.00*
TV Guide	44	3.33	3.27*
U.S. News & World Report	39	3.67	.83
Work Bench	5	1.00	.75*
Work Basket	12	1.00	.80*
Popular Science	12	1.97	1.43

* Starred savings based on single-copy price.

HOW TO ENROLL

Sign the no-risk form below and mail today: We cannot promise to keep these outstanding offers open for more than 20 days. So be sure your order arrives on time—and make your selection immediately. Return this card today.

Note about Christmas: Farsighted readers will want to use their Better Magazine Club Membership to give gift subscriptions. Simply check the box on the order card and we will send you a special Christmas order form, at no obligation.



URGENT
MAIL THIS FORM TODAY



WIN A Visit to
Hollywood with
ART LINKLETTER



— all expenses
paid. Free de-
tails with your
sample cards.

... as a special offer
to introduce you to
"MY FAVORITE SELECTIONS"

From the
Coronation
COLLECTION

THE above "Christmas Money"
Coupon is good for the giant 98-
piece assortment of Christmas and
All Occasion greeting cards shown
here (regular price \$2.75) — if sent
with only 25¢.

We make this Introductory Offer to
friends of Art Linkletter to show how
easy it is to earn \$50.



REGAL MADONNA ASSORT-
MENT. 21 beautiful re-
ligious designs featuring
gold bronze, embossing.
A big value at only \$1.

now and Christ-
mas in spare
time with
the Doehla
"Christmas
Money" Plan.
No experience
needed. To
prove it, we
will send — on
approval — sev-
eral other Art

ART LINKLETTER SAYS:

(One of America's Most Popular Radio and Television Stars)

"Take my word for it..."

You'll never find an easier, more pleasant
way to **MAKE EXTRA MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS!**

"You've never seen such beauti-
ful Christmas cards — and neither
have your friends and neighbors!
The minute they see the beautiful
new CORONATION COLLECTION

of Doehla Greeting Cards, they'll
want some. You can pick up \$50 to
\$250 by taking their orders! See for
yourself — send 25¢ for the 98-piece
sample assortment shown here."

"Christmas Money" Coupon

GOOD FOR:

1 **\$2.75** Worth of Greeting Cards *for only* **25¢**

2 Full details on how to earn, in spare time,
\$50 to \$250 between now and Christmas

HARRY DOEHLA and ASSOCIATES
Studio C389

(Address any one of these three offices) **NASHUA, N. H.**
ST. LOUIS 1, MO.
PALO ALTO, CAL.

This coupon and only 25¢ will bring you one GIANT 98-piece assortment (reg. price \$2.75) of Art Linkletter's "Favorite Selections" from the CORONATION COLLECTION of Doehla Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Cards. You will also receive several more of Art Linkletter's Favorite Christmas Card Assortments on approval, with details of famous Doehla "Christmas Money" Plan and "Win a Visit with Art Linkletter" Contest.

Your Name: _____
(Please Print Clearly)

Address: _____

City: _____ Zone: _____

State: _____

☐ Check here for Special FUND-RAISING Plan for church, school, club or other organization. Please give name of organization: _____

Linkletter "Favorite Selections" from the famous CORONATION COLLECTION. Just SHOW them to folks you know. That's all. Their beauty and low price will do the rest!

Mail "Christmas Money" Coupon At Once

Folks often order 3 and 4 boxes at a time! You earn up to 60¢ a box — more on certain Gift and Novelty items. Soon you have \$50 to \$250 to spend. But prove it to yourself. Mail "Christmas Money" Coupon (with only 25¢) NOW for your giant \$2.75 box of cards — yours to keep whether or not you do anything about the Doehla "Christmas Money" Plan! Address: **HARRY DOEHLA and ASSOCIATES, Studio C389, Nashua, N. H., or St. Louis 1, Mo., or Palo Alto, Calif. (Address office nearest you.)**

Yes! You Get

This \$2.75 98-Piece Assortment for only 25¢

Included in this Giant Box Assortment are generous quantities of cards for:

- Christmas Birthdays
- "Get Well"
- Sympathy
- New Babies
- Thank You
- Gift-Cards
- Children's Toysards
- Correspondence Notes
- Anniversaries, etc.

One of These Nation-Wide Associates Will Give You Prompt Service in Your Area:

- | | |
|---|---|
| Boulevard Art Publishers
Chicago 4, Ill. | Columbia Card Co., Ltd.
Dallas 1, Tex. |
| Iva E. Brundage & Sons
Detroit 4, Mich. | Harry Doehla Company
Nashua, N. H. |
| Capitol Card Co., Inc.
New Orleans 12, La. | Greetings Unlimited
St. Paul & Minneapolis, Minn. |

- Hy-Quality Card Co., Inc.**
Kansas City 6, Mo.
- Imperial Greeting Card Co.**
Los Angeles 12, Calif.
- Midwest Card Co.**
St. Louis 1, Mo.
- Western States Card Co.**
Denver 11, Colo.

